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# The Gita Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय

ग्रन्थालय
दी, वाराणसी-५
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आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदा
वाराणसी-5

ज 4/92

# THE GĪTA GOVINDA KĀVYA

OF

# JAYADEVA

आम्नाय–ग्रन्थालय,
भारतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

WITH

THE TEXT IN SANSKRIT

AND

A RENDERING IN ENGLISH

BY

**S. LAKSHMINARASIMHA SASTRI**

with a S'rimukha graciously conferred by His Holiness
Jagadguru S'rī Chandras'ekharendra Saraswatī
S'rī Pāda, S'ankarāchārya of the
S'rī Kānchī Kāmakoṭi Pīṭha.

आम्नाय–ग्रन्थालय,
भारतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

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1956

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॥ श्रीः ॥

महाकविजयदेवविरचितं

# ॥ गीतगोविन्दकाव्यम् ॥

एम्. लक्ष्मीनरसिंहशास्त्रिविरचितेन

आङ्ग्लानुवादेन सहितम्

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

चेन्नपुर्यां

वाविल्ल रामस्वामिशास्त्रुलु अण्ड् सन्स्

इत्येतैः प्रकटितम्

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

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॥ श्रीः ॥

॥ चन्द्रमौलीश्वर ॥

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

मुद्रा

श्रीमत्परमहंस परिव्राजकाचार्यवर्य श्रीमच्छङ्करभगवत्पाद-
प्रतिष्ठित श्रीकाञ्ची कामकोटिपीठाधिप जगद्गुरु-
श्रीमच्चन्द्रशेखरेन्द्रसरस्वती श्रीपादैः

कुम्भघोणक्षेत्रनिकटस्थ मेलक्कावेरिग्रामवासिशेषगिरिशास्त्रितनूजाय अस्मदत्यन्तप्रीतिभाजनाय श्रीलक्ष्मीनृसिंहशास्त्रिणे क्रियते नारायणस्मृतिः ।

अवलोकितश्चास्माभिः आंग्लभाषानुवादो गीतगोविन्दकाव्यस्य जयदेवविरचितस्य माधुर्यभावपूर्णस्य, यस्यास्मिन्नवसरे रसास्वादः सर्वजनसुदुर्लभो वर्तते गीर्वाणवाणीप्रचुरप्रचाराभावात् । ज्ञातं खलु सर्वेषां विपश्चितां यद्द्वादशसर्गपरिपूर्णेऽस्मिन् काव्यरत्ने प्रतिसर्गं राधामाधवयोः शृङ्गारलीलाः वर्ण्यन्ते सप्रेमभक्त्यतिशयं साकूतभरितं चेति । यद्यपि ग्रन्थस्यास्यानुवादः सुदुष्करः जयदेवकविभारत्याः परमप्रौढत्वात्,

तथापि प्रस्तुतोऽयमांग्लभाषानुवादः सुलभतरः करतलामलकवत् भावप्रकाशकः सुगमतरः न्यूनातिरेकरहितः सर्वदेशीयानां गीतगोविन्द-रसास्वादने नितरामुपकारकश्चेति नात्र संशयः । सर्वथा प्रशंसनीयोऽयं प्रयत्नः अनुवादकस्य ।

श्रीकृष्णदास इति विख्यातस्य जयदेवकवेः प्रबन्धस्यास्यानु-वादकोऽयं श्रीलक्ष्मीनृसिंहशास्त्री श्रीमहात्रिपुरसुन्दरीसमेत श्रीचन्द्र-मौळीश्वरप्रसादेन अविरतं भगवद्दास्यश्रिया ऽलंकृतः श्रीकृष्णदासो भव-त्वित्याशास्महे ॥

विजययायात्स्थानम्,
श्रीकाञ्चीक्षेत्रम्,
मन्मथपौषशुद्धाष्टमी

नारायणस्मृतिः

॥ श्रीः ॥

# ॥ गीतगोविन्दस्थश्लोकानुक्रमणिका ॥


| श्लोकाः | पृष्ठानि |
|---|---|
| अक्ष्णोर्निक्षिपदंजनं | १२७ |
| अङ्गेष्वाभरणं | ८८ |
| अतिक्रम्या | १२५ |
| अलान्तरेच | ९० |
| अलान्तरेमसृण | ११५ |
| अथकथमपि | १०६ |
| अथतांगन्तु | ८४ |
| अथसहसा | १४५ |
| अथागतां | ९४ |
| अनिलतरळ (अष्टपदी-१६) | १०२ |
| अनेकनारी | ४३ |
| अन्तर्मोहन | ११० |
| अहमिह | ७३ |
| आवासोविपि | ६८ |
| आश्लेषादनु | ८२ |
| इतस्ततस्तां | ५७ |
| इत्थंकेलि | १५० |
| ईषन्मीलित | १४४ |
| उन्मीलन्मधु | ४३ |
| कंसारिरपि | ५७ |
| कथितसमये (अष्टपदी-१३) | ९१ |
| कन्दर्पज्वर | ७१ |
| काश्मीरगौर | १२८ |
| किंविश्राम्यसि | ८९ |
| किसलयशयन (अष्टपदी-२३) | १३८ |
| कुरुयदुनन्दन (अष्टपदी-२४) | १४५ |
| क्षणमपि | ७२ |
| गणयतिगुण | ५१ |
| गतवतिसखी | १३८ |
| चन्दनचर्चित (अष्टपदी-४) | ४४ |
| जयश्रीविन्यस्तैः | १३६ |
| तत्किङ्कामपि | ९३ |
| तवेदंपश्यन्त्या | १०९ |
| तस्याःपाटल | १४३ |
| तानिस्पर्शसुखानि | ६२ |
| तामथमन्मथखिन्नां | १११ |
| तिर्यक्कण्ठ | ६३ |
| त्वद्वाम्येनसमं | ८१ |
| त्वां चित्तेन | १३१ |
| त्वामप्राप्य | १४८ |

| श्लोकाः | पृष्ठानि. | श्लोकाः | पृष्ठानि. |
|---|---|---|---|
| दरविदलित | ४२ | मेघैर्मेदुर | २७ |
| दुरालोकस्तोक | ५६ | यदि हरि | ३० |
| दृशौतवमदा | १२२ | यद्गान्धर्व | १४८ |
| दोर्भ्यांसंयमितः | १४२ | यमुनातीर | ६४ |
| नावातस्सखि | १०० | रचयकुचयोः | १४८ |
| नित्योत्सङ्ग | ४६ | रजनिजनित (अष्टपदी·१७) | १०६ |
| निन्दतिचन्दन (अष्टपदी ८) | ६४ | रतिसुख (अष्टपदी·११) | ७७ |
| निभृतनिकुञ्ज (अष्टपदी·६) | ५२ | राधामुग्ध | ८३ |
| पद्मापयोधर | ३८ | राधावदन (अष्टपदी)·२२) | १३२ |
| परिहरकृता | ११९ | रासोल्लास | ४७ |
| पश्यतिदिशिदिशि (अष्टपदी·१२) | ८४ | रिपुरिवनसखी | १०४ |
| पाणौमाकुरु | ६० | ललितलवङ्ग (अष्टपदी·३) | ३९ |
| पूर्वंयत्र | ७६ | वदसियदि (अष्टपदी·१९) | ११६ |
| प्रत्यूहः पुल | १४१ | वसन्ते वासन्ती | ३९ |
| प्रलयपयोधि (अष्टपदी·१) | ३२ | वहतिमलय (अष्टपदी १०) | ७४ |
| प्रसरतिशशधर | ९० | वाग्देवता | २९ |
| प्रातर्नीलनिचोल | १०५ | वाचः पल्लव | ३१ |
| बन्धूकद्युति | १२१ | वामाङ्केरति | १४२ |
| बाधांविधेहि | १०५ | व्ययतिवृथा | १२१ |
| भजन्त्यास्तल्पान्तं | १३५ | व्याकोशःकेशपाशः | १४३ |
| भ्रूचापे निहितः | ६१ | विकिरति मुहुः | ८० |
| भ्रूपल्लवं धनु | ६१ | विपुलपुलकपालिः | ८७ |
| मञ्जुतरकुञ्ज (अष्टपदी·२१) | १२९ | विरचितचाटु (अष्टपदी·२०) | १२४ |
| मनोभवानन्दन | १०४ | विरहपाण्डु | ९७ |
| मामियं चलिता (अष्टपदी·७) | ५८ | विश्लेषामनु | ४६ |
| मुग्धे विधेहि | १२० | विहरतिवने | ४८ |

| श्लोकाः | पृष्ठानि. |
|---|---|
| वृष्टिव्याकुल | ७२ |
| वेदानुद्धरते | ३५ |
| शशिमुख | १२० |
| श्रितकमलाकुच (अष्टपदी २) | ३६ |
| श्रीभोजदेव | १४९ |
| सञ्चरदधर (अष्टपदी·५) | ४८ |
| सप्रीतिं तनुतां | १२२ |
| सभयचकितं | ८२ |
| समुदितमदने (अष्टपदी·१५) | ९७ |
| साकूतस्मित | ५६ |
| साध्वीमाध्वीक | १४५ |
| सानन्दं नन्द | १३६ |
| सान्द्रानन्द | ११४ |

| श्लोकाः | पृष्ठानि. |
|---|---|
| सामां न्द्रक्ष्यति | १२७ |
| सारोमाञ्चति | ७० |
| सासाध्वस | १३२ |
| सुचिरमसु | १२३ |
| सौन्दर्यैकनिधे | १३७ |
| स्तनविनिहित (अष्टपदी)·९) | ६८ |
| स्निग्धे यत्परुषाऽसि | ११४ |
| स्मरसमरोचित (अष्टपदी १४) | ९४ |
| स्मरातुरां | ७१ |
| हरिरभिसरति (अष्टपदी·१८) | १११ |
| हस्तस्रस्त | ५५ |
| हारावळी | १२८ |
| हृदि बिलसलता | ६० |

# INTRODUCTION

Few poets enjoy that wide popularity which is the peculiar lot of Jayadeva. There is no Hindu home from the Sethu to the Himāchala which does not sing at least a few refrains from the Gīta Govinda. This is because of the unique place that Jayadeva occupies. He is not merely a poet of a very high order, but, according to tradition, a great Kṛṣṇa Bhakta who had the rare good fortune to obtain Divine recognition for his Gīta Govinda. With this Divine sanction it has secured, the Gīta Govinda is regarded very much like a Mahāmantra, possessing mysterious powers. Consequently, most people have betaken themselves to the singing of the Gīta Govinda for the auspiciousness it confers, and have hardly troubled themselves to study the art that lies behind this work.

The art of any poet could be judged only when the various factors that mould his life are all grasped in their correct perspective. The efflorescence of poetic genius is as much due to the influence of environment on the poet, as it is due to the inner urge, the artistic afflatus in him. And this truism is eminently pertinent in the case of Jayadeva. His genius was, to a large extent, swayed and shaped by the comtemporary tendencies of his age.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was essentially correct when he declared that the ancient poets excel in nature and the later poets excel in art. The history of the world has amply illustrated how the ancient poets of all climes have succeeded in soaring to the very heights of sublime poetry with the elegant simplicity of their diction, with the earnest-

ness of their pathos and the spontaneity of their sentiments. The sublime simplicity, the delicacy of charm and the endless depth of sentiment that Vālmiki could conjure up in mellifluous numbers, the grandeur and the moral exaltation that Vyāsa could infuse into the brief compass of a verse were fast becoming things of the past in the classical epoch of Sanskrit poetry. Alone among the classic poets, Kālidāsa fully inherited the surpassing elegance of diction, the ravishing exhilaration of sentiment, the depth of pathos and the rare gift of suggestiveness (ध्वनि) that is the very life-breath of all true poetry. But post-Kālidāsa poetry, with a very few exceptions, generally betrays an improverishment of sentiment which it seeks to make up with elaborately ornate forms, with a grandiose diction, with a brilliance of wit, with pun, epigram, hyperbole and laboured conceits. Thus, poetry, from being an effusion of unpremeditated art had now become a highly conventionalised system, savouring more of artifice than of art, more of conceit than of sentiment. Volubility of expression supplanted delicacy of suggestion. Even the poetic diction became formal. Metrical see-saw and pedantry took the place of spontaneous melody and poetic fervour. But, more than all these, *Sṛngāra*, with all its niceties, verging very often on the obscene, become the dominant *motif* or the *Sthāyi Bhāva* in almost all the literary compositions. Bhartṛhari's *S'rngāra S'ataka*, the Amaru S'ataka, and the Ārya Sapatas'ati of Achārya Govardhana, Jayadeva's contemporary, reflect, in a considerable measure, the tendencies of the age. And royal patronage which fostered poetry was often exacting enough to dictate that a debased form of *Sṛngāra* should

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,

dominate poetry, almost to the exclusion of the other *rasas*. It was in such an age that Jayadeva was born; and his genius adopted the prevailing fashions in poetry and harnessed them to the best advantage in the Gīta Govinda Kāvya.

Ere we pass on to a consideration of the Kāvya, let us pause to consider Jayadeva the man. From the passage in the seventh song in the third canto of the Gīta Govinda:

वर्णितं जयदेवकेन हरेरिदं प्रवणेन ।
किन्दुबिल्वसमुद्रसम्भवरोहिणीरमणेन ॥

it is evident that he was born in the village Kindubilva in West Bengal. That he was the son of one Bhojadeva and Ramādevī is inferred from the passage in the twelfth sarga:

श्रीभोजदेवप्रभवस्य रमादेवीसुतश्रीजयदेवकस्य ।

And if the South Indian recension could be trusted, his wife was named Padmāvatī:

जयतु पद्मावतीरमण जयदेवकविभारतीभणितमितिगीतम् ।

Apart, however, from these scanty details culled from the Gīta Govinda Kāvya, we have hardly any materials to reconstruct his life with. That he was the contemporary of Umāpatidhara, S'araṇa, Govardhanāchārya and Dhoyī is evident, not merely from the s'loka in the Gīta Govinda:

वाचः पल्लवयत्युमापतिधरः सन्दर्भशुद्धिं गिरां
जानीते जयदेव एव शरणः श्लाघ्यो दुरूहद्रुतेः ।

शृङ्गारोत्तरसत्प्रमेयरचनैराचार्यगोवर्धन-
स्पर्धी कोऽपि न विश्रुतः श्रुतिधरो धोयी कविक्ष्मापतिः ॥

—not merely is that fact evident from the foregoing verse, but also from an inscription on the tablet, fixed above the portals of the audience hall of Lakṣmaṇasena of Bengal which read :

गोवर्धनश्च शरणो जयदेव उमापतिः ।
कविराजश्च रत्नानि समितौ लक्ष्मणस्य च ॥

Now, Lakṣmaṇasena flourished in the 12th century. (circa 1168) Hence Jayadeva, the court poet of Lakṣmaṇasena, should also have belonged to the 12th century. And his only work,—if we ignore his fragmentary Gangāstavaprabandha—is the Gīta Govinda which has been extremely popular since then. Jayadeva, the author of the Prasannarāghava Nātaka was the son of one Mahādeva and Sumitrā and belonged to the Kauṇḍinya Gotra. The other Jayadeva who prefers to be known under the pseudonym Kṛṣṇadāsa, the author of the Sṛngāramādhavīya champu, is of unknown parentage. All these evidences therefore point unmistakably to the possibility that the Gīta Govinda is the only best known work from the pen of our Jayadeva. The immense popularity of this Kāvya may be judged not merely from the innumerable imitations that it has inspired, but also from the fact that Viswanātha Kavirāja, in the 14th century, cites, with approval, in the tenth paricccheda of his Sāhitya Darpaṇa, the Gīta Govinda sloka उन्मीलन्मधुगन्धलुब्धमधुप as an instance of वृत्यनुप्रास ।

These are the authentic historic data with regard to Jayadeva's life and work; all the other details of his life, enumerated in a work entitled the Bhaktamāla by one Chandra Datta need not detain us at this juncture though we may have occasion to glance at them later. But we ought not to overlook one important detail that looms large amidst this welter of legendary details, and that is, that Jayadeva was a great Kṛṣṇa Bhakta. And it was his profound devotion to Sri Kṛṣṇa that prompted him to celebrate the līlas of the Lord in immortal verse.

The Gīta Govinda, which is neither a full-fledged drama, nor a narrative poem, but partakes of the characteristics of both, is unique in Sanskrit literatnre and approximates to the Elizabethan Masque in the English literature. Rather, it is a string of monologues linked up in a loose manner. It appears to have been composed to meet the needs of the rural histrionics that formed an integrai part of the Yātra festivities of Bengal. The theme, the loves of Kṛṣṇa, was probably suggested by the Rāsapanchādhyāyī in the Das'ama Skandha of the S'rī Bhāgavata Purāṇa, as is evident from the description of the Rāsalīla in the fourth song of the Gīta Govinda:

हरिरिह मुग्धवधूनिकरे विलासिनि विलसति केलिपरे ॥

But the Bhāgavata mentions not Rādha. Some, however, have identified that fortunate damsel whom Srī Kṛṣṇa led away into the sylvan solitudes, and whose lot the other gopis envy and exclaim:

अनयाऽऽराधितो नूनं भगवान् हरिरीश्वरः ।
यन्नो विहाय गोविन्दः प्रीतो यामनयद् रहः ॥ (X. 30.28.)

—some have identified that damsel with Rādhā whose name they fancy they detect in the words अनयाऽऽराधितोनूनम्। But Jayadeva seems to have derived the entire material for his Kāvya from the Kṛṣṇa Janmakhanda of the Brahmavaivarta purāṇa. This is borne out by the very striking verbal similarities between the Purāṇa and the Kāvya. The opening verse of the Gita Govinda:

मेघैर्मेदुरमम्बरं वनभुवः श्यामास्तमालद्रुमैः
नक्तं भीरुरयं त्वमेव तदिमं राधे गृहं प्रापय ।
इत्थं नन्दनिदेशतश्चलितयोः प्रत्यध्वकुञ्जद्रुमं
राधामाधवयोः जयन्ति यमुनाकूले रहः केलयः ॥

seems to be only a variant of the Brahmavaivartapurāṇa s'lokas:

मेघावृतं नभो दृष्ट्वा श्यामलं काननान्तरम् ।
झंझावातं महाशब्दं वज्रशब्दं च दारुणम् ॥
... ... ... ... ... ...
गृहाण प्राणनाथं च गच्छ भद्रे यथासुखम् ।
पश्चात् दास्यसि मत्पुत्रं कृत्वा पूर्णमनोरथम् ॥ (Chap. V).

Again, "the fortunate rival" whose happy lot Rādhā envies in the passages:

कापि मधुरिपुणा विलसति युवतिरत्यधिकगुणा ।

and समुदितमदने रमणीवदने चुम्बनवलिताधरे ।
मृगमदतिलकं लिखति सपुलकं मृगमिव रजनीकरे ॥

and अनिलतरलकुवलयनयनेन ।
तपति न सा किसलयशयनेन ॥

in songs 14, 15 and 16 of the Gita Govinda,—this "rival" appears to have been suggested to Jayadeva by Virajā of the Brahmavaivartapurāṇa, whom Rādhā violently censures for having ensnared her Kṛṣṇa (Chap. 2. Br. Vai. Pu.)

To a lesser extent, Jayadeva seems to be indebted to the Devibhāgavata, in the 9th Skandha of which the līlas of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are described. The similarities between the expression:

नानाप्रकारश्रृङ्गारं श्रृङ्गारो मूर्तिमानिव of the Devibhāgavata (IX ii. 37) and the passage

श्रृङ्गारः सखि मूर्तिमानिव मधौ मुग्धो हरिः क्रीडति ।

of the Gīta Govinda are too close to be purely accidental. But whatever may be the extent of his indebtedness to these purāṇas, Jayadeva has transmuted the insipid details of the purāṇas with the alchemy of his genius and produced a ravishing thing of beauty that, indeed, is a joy for ever.

We cannot, at this juncture, avoid glancing at the intriguing nature of the title श्रृङ्गारमहाकाव्यं that invariably occurs in the colophon at the end of each sarga. of the South Indian recension. The Nirṇayasāgara Press edition merely calls the poem the Gīta Govinda Kāvya. It is only through a tremendous stretch of fancy that the work could ever be called a Mahākāvya. Neither in quality, nor in magnitude can it be regarded as a Mahā Kāvya, barely three of the eighteen Mahākāvya lakṣaṇas being traceable in it. And Sringāra Mahā Kāvya is something unheard of. Sringāra alone could never

characterise nor dominate a Mahākāvya. A solitary swallow makes no summer. It was perhaps unreasoning adulation that conferred this honorific on the Kāvya—a mere औपचारिक प्रयोग ।

Passing on to the Kāvya proper, we find that it comprises twelve Sargas with the curious titles :

सामोददामोदरः, अक्लेशकेशवः स्निग्धमधुसूदनः, साकाङ्क्षपुण्डरीकाक्षः, धृष्टवैकुण्ठः, नागरनारायणः, विलक्ष्यलक्ष्मीपतिः, मुग्धमुकुन्दः चतुरचतुर्भुजः सानन्ददामोदरः and सुप्रीतपीताम्बरः—titles which reflect the poet's fondness for grandiose word combinations. There are twenty four songs each with eight pādas, except the first which consists of eleven pādas, and the tenth which has only five pādas. There are about ninety six s'lokas which mostly serve as the connecting links between the songs or narrate the progress of the plot, or supplement the sentiments expressed in the foregoing song, or serve as benedictory verses winding up each sarga.

The Kavya opens with a song in adoration of the Lord S'rī Kṛṣṇa who, through His ten avatars, the Matsya, Kūrma, Varāha, Nṛsimha, Vāmana, Paras'urama, S'rī Rama, Balarāma, Buddha and Kalki fulfils his pledge:

परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम् ।
धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय सम्भवामि युगे युगे ॥

केशव धृतदशविधरूप जय जगदीश हरे । sings the poet and humbly offers his obeisance to the Is'wara :

वेदानुद्धरते जगन्निवहते भूगोलमुद्बिभ्रते
दैत्यान्दारयते बलिं छलयते क्षत्रक्षयं कुर्वते ।

पौलस्त्यं जयते हलं कलयते कारुण्यमातन्वते
म्लेच्छान् मूर्च्छयते दशाकृतिकृते कृष्णाय तुभ्यं नमः ॥

The second song is also in celebration of the deeds of the Lord in His Rāma and Kṛṣṇa avatars. Having, thus, in these two songs, indicated the omnipotence of the Lord, Jayadeva then proceeds to illustrate, in the succeeding songs, that, greater even than His Omnipotence and His Omniscience, is the Lord's power to love, to love deeply and tenderly.

The action of this dramatic poem now commences. It is the very height of Vasanta. In the very prime of her youth and beauty, Rādhā falls a prey to the flaming fever that results from Manmatha's archery—

अमन्दं कन्दर्पज्वरजनितचिन्ताकुलतया वलद्बाधा राधा ।

Restlessly she seeks for Kṛṣṇa in the sylvan retreats abloom with a riotous profusion of flowers. *Her* the Sakhī addresses with a glorious picture of the vernal season, the season of blossoms, the season when lovers in separation pine away in languid grief, the season when the haunting aroma of the Mādhavi in bloom madden even anchorites and afflict them with the exquisite pangs of love. In such a season, the Sakhi shows her friend Rādhā, the Beautiful Kṛṣṇa sporting amorously with the lovely cowherdesses of Vraja, in the velvet glades of Bṛndāvana. And as if to torment her with the exquisite agony of it, the Abigail enumerates with a cruel precision, the details of Kṛṣṇa's sports (Songs 3 & 4).

Perceiving Kṛṣṇa's perfidy in abandoning her and in his preference for the other damsels so commonplace in

camparison with herself, Rādhā, in a fit of jealousy, betakes herself to a bower of entwining creepers, and sulks away in grief. Faithless as her Kṛṣṇa is, her heart, her entire being cannot but long for him. The bewitching beauty of his form enthralls her. So intensely and furiously does her passion for Kṛṣṇa flame up that even her jealousy gives way, and she cannot but dote sweetly on her Kṛṣṇa. "Bring him hither, my sweet friend", cries she, addressing her Sakhi. "Bring him hither to sport with me that am demented with the sweet intoxication of love.

सखि हे केशिमथनमुदारं रमय मया सह ।
मदनमनोरथभावितया सविकारम् । (Song 6)

Fondly she recalls those thrilling dalliances, those caresses that Kṛṣṇa bestowed on her on a past occasion; and these memories but serve to inflame her passion to a fierce conflagration, as if the appetite grew by what it fed on. In the despair arising out of her longing, she commissions her companion to fetch Kṛṣṇa unto her (Songs 5 & 6)

The scene changes. In his Nikuñja in another part of the Bṛndāvana languishes Kṛṣṇa. He has abandoned the bevy of the amorous cowherdesses, betaken himself to the solitude of his sylvan retreat, there to repent his thoughtless and heartless neglect of his dear Rādhā!

किं करिष्यति किं वदिष्यति सा चिरं विरहेण ।
किं धनेन जनेन किं मम जीवितेन गृहेण ॥ (Song 7).

he laments. "Batter me not" cries He "with thy deadly shafts, oh Ananga! Mistake me not for thy inveterate foe,

Hara! I am the poor Hari pining distractedly for my beloved! The wreath round my neck is a garland of lotus filaments flung around to cool my fevered limbs—not the serpent writhing on the bosom of S'ankara! The blue glint around my neck is not the dark gleam of the Hālāhala but a garland of Kuvalayas that encircle it. It is not ashes that besmear these limbs, but the cool sandal paste laid thereon to alleviate love's scorching, fever. My guise may resemble that of thy foe, S'ankara! But I am Kṛṣṇa, love-lorn, crazed with passion for my beloved! Restrain, restrain thy wrath, and chafe not!

हृदि बिसलताहारो नायं भुजङ्गमनायकः
कुवलयदलश्रेणी कण्ठे न सा गरलद्युतिः ।
मलयजरजो नेदं भस्म प्रियरहिते मयि
प्रहर न हरभ्रान्त्यानङ्ग क्रुधा किमु धावसि ॥

To him, thus despairing, repairs Rādhā's Sakhi and recounts to him how passionately Rādhā longs for him and bids him hie unto his beloved. (Songs 8 and 9). Now Kṛṣṇa, assured of Rādhā's foregiveness, says he would tarry there, in that very bower and despatches the Sakhi to fetch Radha. The Sakhi returns to Rādhā and describes to her the depth of Kṛṣṇa's despair at his being separated from her, and how madly he harps on her very name:

ध्यायंस्त्वां अनिशं जपन्नपि तवैवालापमन्त्रावलीं ।

and how eagerly he turns even at the sound of a falling leaf or of a bird fluttering in its leafy perch to see if his Rādhā has at last come to his arms. But, assured as she

is of Kṛṣṇa's love, and eager as she is to repair unto his bower, so enfeebled is Rādhā by the wasting fever of Madana's onslaught that she cannot proceed even a step. Like a true Vāsakasajjā, she languidly bids her Sakhi retnrn to Kṛṣṇa and fetch him to her. (Song 10. 11 & 12).

The Sakhī is a long time away. Meantime, the hours of the night drag heavily on! Wherefore does not Kṛṣṇa hie unto her? Is he again perfidious? Alas, her sweet youth is being wasted, cankered, every minute!

मम विफलमिदममलरूपमपि यौवनम् ।

she laments—Perchance, a damsel more fortunate than her hapless self, now holds Kṛṣṇa in her arms, and perhaps Kṛṣṇa himself, at this very moment, is rendering to her those sweet offices that lovers know full well how to administer. And perceiving now her Sakhī returning without Kṛṣṇa, her suspicions gain strength, and loudly she bewails her lot and prays that death may seize her and mercifully end her agonies. (Songs 13, 14, 15, 16). Towards dawn at last Kṛṣṇa arrives at her bower: his looks confirm her suspicions of a recent amour. With offended dignity, like a true खण्डिता she bids him begone!

याहि माधव याहि केशव मा वद कैतववादम् ।
तामनुसर सरसीरुहलोचन या तव हरति विषादम् ॥ (17)

Kṛṣṇa stands mute, bending his head before the storm of her indignation! The Sakhī now admonishes Rādhā not to spurn Kṛṣṇa she longed so much for, who now has returned to her to win her forgiveness. (song 18.) Emboldened by the Sakhīs intercession on his behalf, Kṛṣṇa himself addresses Rādāa, expresses his penitence

and seeks forgiveness. "The intoxication of love" he exclaims "has got into my head. Set, therefore, thy dainty foot upon my head, there to shine as a jewel, so that *that* madness may be cured!"

स्मरगरलखण्डनं मम शिरसि मण्डनम् ।
देहि पदपल्लवमुदारम् ॥ (Song 19.)

Thus adroitly does Kṛṣṇa cajole his beloved and asssure her that none but she could ever exercise empire over his heart. Rādhā relents. The Sakhi now persuades her to steal, in the perfumed darkness of the night, into the fragrant bower of Kṛṣṇa. Thrilled with the thought of the approaching joys, Rādhā enters Kṛṣṇa's Nikuñja (Songs 20, 21). And left alone with him, she drinks him in with her eyes—him that is the very embodiment of Rasa.

हरिमेकरसं चिरमभिलषितविलासं सा ददर्श ॥ (Song 22.)

Tenderly and passionately does Kṛṣṇa entreat her to revive him that has almost perished in love's consuming fever, with the nectar dews of her lips:

अधरसुधारसमुपनय भामिनि जीवय मृतमिव दासम् ।
त्वयि विनिहितमनसं विरहानलदग्धवपुषमविलासम ॥
(Song 23).

Then follows their union described with a daring voluptuousness. With all the sweet tyranny of a Svādhīnabhartṛkā (स्वाधीनभर्तृका), Rādhā now bids Kṛṣṇa, as she lies reclining on his bosom, listless with the sweet fatigue of amorous sports—she commands her enslaved lord to set in their proper places those

ornaments that have dropped away in the course of their dalliance, and bids him brush aside with his fingers those rebellious tresses that stray dishevelled across her lovely countenance.

Such, in brief, is the plot. As may be easily seen, it is extremely loose and stagnant. Many flaws there are in construction and in the time sequence—flaws which even an inferior artist would have avoided. Unfortunately, we cannot here fully discuss those lapses. One thing, however, is clear; and that is, in the love episode of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, Jayadeva has exploited Sṛngāra to its fullest extent, both in its Sambhoga and Vipralambha aspects. It may be a moot point if Sṛngāra alone, to the exclusion of the other rasas, could ever constitute the sole sentiment of a composition;—but here we have it, for whatever it may be worth.

For sheer splendour of diction, boldness and lavishness of imagery, and euphony of his numbers, Jayadeva stands certainly very high among the later Sanskrit poets. His mastery over metrical intricacies is so great that we find refreshing varieties of metrical settings, wrought with a lavish hand, scintillating in their splendour like a riot of iridescent hues scattered from a jewel set with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, topaz and lapiz lazuli.

Poetry has been variously defined. By far the best definitions are those of Jagannātha Panditarāja who regards the expression of the Sublime and the Beautiful as Kāvya— रमणीयार्थप्रतिपादकः शब्दः काव्यं ।—of Vis'wanātha who considers expression surcharged with sentiment as Kāvya—वाक्यं रसात्मकं काव्यं ।—of Mammatachārya who finds

in Kāvya the faultless attunement of sound and sense, characterised by the guṇas such as sweetness (माधुर्यं) splendour (ओजस्) and perspicuity (प्रसाद)—तददोषौ शब्दार्थौ सगुणौ etc. Although the guṇas, Mādhurya, Ojas and Prasāda are essentially associated with emotions, they are nevertheless, in a secondary sense, associated with both sound and sense that are but the vehicles thereof, Hence, Rasa, S'abda and Artha together constitute an integrated experience that is Kāvya. And it is this rare blending of Rasa, S'abda and Artha that endows the Gīta Govinda Kāvya with an abiding splendour.

In the langorous lilt of the long-compounded verse:

उन्मीलन्मधुगन्धलुब्धमधुपव्याधूतचूताङ्कुर-
क्रीडत्कोकिलकाकलीकलरवैरुद्गीर्णकर्णज्वराः ।
नीयन्ते पथिकैः कथं कथमिव ध्यानावधानक्षण-
प्राप्तप्राणसमा समागमरसोल्लासैरमी वासराः ॥

what a marvellous picture do we have of the wearinss of the distracted lovers, reflected in the laboured, heavy movement of the verse, in the numerous liquid sounds and in the soft consonants! Saturated with Mādhurya, what a gorgeous picture of the languishing listlessness of lovers does this verse delineate! None indeed could miss the *ojas* of the long compounds that move leviathan-like. Steeped in the very acme of Vipralambha S'ṛngāra, this s'loka is, as Viswanātha Kavirāja points out, a marvellous nstance of वृत्यनुप्रास । The S'ārdulavikrīdita metre has become so admirably supple and so astonishingly dulcet in the hands of the poet, thanks to his surpassing mastery.

Again in the verse,

सा रोमाञ्चति सीत्करोति विलपत्युत्कम्पते ताम्यति
ध्यायत्युद्भ्रमति प्रमीलति पतत्युद्याति मूर्च्छत्यपि ।
एतावत्यतनुज्वरे वरतनुर्जीवेन्न किं ते रसात्
स्वर्वैद्यप्रतिम प्रसीदसि यदि त्यक्तोऽन्यथा हस्तकः ॥

what crispness, what tremendous force in each word!

This array of finite verbs, piled up in rapid succession not merely bears evidence to the various Sāttvika bhāvas, but serves to convey a very vivid picture of the restlessness of Rādhā's mind. Consummate, therefore, is Jayadeva's mastery over the language.

Style apart, we cannot afford to overlook the felicity of the Utprekṣas that sparkle almost at every turn— The warm perfumed southern breeze from the Malaya hills, wending northward, is described as proceeding to the snowfields of the Himāchala, there to wallow in the snows so that the fevered warmth that it has acquired through being respired by the venomous snakes that swarm in the caves of Malaya may be assuaged! What a happy and refreshing conceit!

नित्योत्सङ्गवसद्भुजङ्गकवलक्लेशादिवेशाचलं
प्रालेयप्लवनेच्छयानुसरति श्रीखण्डशैलानिलः ।

And then follows a wondrous word-picture

किं च स्निग्धरसालमौलिमुकुलान्यालोक्य हर्षोदयात्
उन्मीलन्ति कुहूः कुहूरिति कलोत्तालाः पिकानाङ्गिरः ॥

(I. 11.)

—certainly a superb instance of वर्णानुप्रास, of उपमा and हेत्वलङ्कार। The ravishing conceit apart, what shall we say of the haunting melody of the verse?

Another Utpreksa. exhilaratingly fresh, is where Rādhā is described as armouring her bosom with the soft, cool, lotus leaves, not so much to protect herself from the deadly shafts of Madana as to shield Kṛṣṇa who abides enthroned deep in her heart!

अविरलनिपतितमदनशरादिव भवदवनाय विशालम् ।
स्वहृदयमर्मणि वर्म करोति सजलनलिनीदलजालम् ॥

(Song 7. 3)

Yet another magnificent conceit. Rādhā, in her anguish, is likened to a hunted doe. Her very bower becomes the tangled forest glades! Her band of companions the ever-closing, strangling net! The fever in her heart, fanned by her sighs, becomes the wild forest fire that consumes her very being. And the fell Manmatha is verily the ferocious tiger that pounces upon her and marks her for his prey!

आवासो विपिनायते प्रियसखीमालापि जालायते
तापोऽपि श्वसितेन दावदहनज्वालाकलापायते ।
सापि त्वद्विरहेण हन्त हरिणीरूपायते हा कथं
कन्दर्पोऽपि यमायते विरचयञ्शार्दूलविक्रीडितम् ॥

Certainly a masterpiece! The लुप्तोपमा, the विरोधाभासालङ्कार and the शार्दूलविक्रीडित metre, which is so adroitly mentioned in the verse, though in another sense—these are beauties which no rasika could ever miss!

But like many other poets, flushed with their triumphs, Jayadeva often overdoes himself. In the s'loka

अत्रान्तरे च कुलटाकुलवर्त्मघात-
सञ्जातपातक इव स्फुटलाञ्छनश्रीः ।
वृन्दावनान्तरमदीपयदंशुजालै-
र्दिक्सुन्दरीवदनचन्दनबिन्दुरिन्दुः । (VII. 1)

the Rūpaka and the Utprekṣa are, to say the least, of doubtful taste. कुलटाकुलवर्त्मघातसंजातपातकत्वं and स्फुटलाञ्छनश्रीत्वं fit in with ill-grace And, after all is कुलटाकुलवर्त्मघात a real पातक? The Utprekṣa is almost revolutionary. And the idea of a pātaka lighting the entire woodlands with his argent sheen and his shining as the spot of sandal paste on the forehead of the Maiden of the East is something of an antithesis—something which cultured taste can hardly approve of.

Though Jayadeva's pathos is almost conventional, he often succeeds in breaking through the shell of conventionalism and comes out with touches of genuine pathos as in

मनोभवानन्दन चन्दनानिल प्रसीद रे दक्षिण मुञ्च वामताम् ।
क्षणं जगत्प्राण निधाय माधवं पुरो मम प्राणहरो भविष्यसि ॥
(VII. 7)

The devotional fervour of the poet often reveals itself in the beautiful portrayal of S'rī Kṛṣṇa's form as in

मणिमयमकरमनोहरकुण्डलमण्डितगण्डमुदारम् ।
पीतवसनमनुगतमुनिमनुजसुरासुरवरपरिवारम् ॥

रासे हरिमिह विहितविलासम् ।
स्मरति मनो मम कृतपरिहासम् । (Song 5)

A more earnest, though less ornate, vein of devotional fervour permeates the verses of the Gangāstavaprahandha, the other fragmentary work of Jayadeva. In the verse:

त्वमसि जनपाविनी चतुरर्थगामिनी सप्तर्षिकुलसुकृतसारे ।
कनकगिरिलङ्घिते सकलमुनिवन्दिते हरमकुटासितकुसुममाले ।
नमो देवि गङ्गे नमो देवि गङ्गे हर निखिलमघमलकनन्दे ॥

the simple spirit of devotion is touching indeed.

Jayadeva is fully conscious of his genius. So dominant is his self-esteem that he styles himself the कविनृपजयदेवकः (Song 15). So intoxicated with his powers is he that he exclaims pompously.

साध्वी माध्वीकचिन्ता न भवति भवतः शर्करे कर्कशासि
द्राक्षे द्रक्ष्यन्ति के त्वां अमृत मृतमसि क्षीर नीरं रसस्ते ।
माकन्द क्रन्द कान्ताधर धर न तुलां गच्छ यच्छन्ति भावम्
यावच्छृङ्गारसारं शुभमिव जयदेवस्य वैदग्ध्यवाचः ।

Such self-aggrandisement is fulsome—and this overweening self-importance was probably responsible for the reckless excesses he frequently drifts into, as we shall presently study.

We must now turn to a vexed issue with regard to this Kāvya. Many scholars look with disfavour on the unbridled sallies of voluptuousness that bristle up in the Kāvya. Not that voluptuousness as such is objected to—

no one has raised a protest against the 18th Sarga of the Naiṣada Kāvya. But it is the harnessing of the voluptuous details with regard to the Divine Parents, such as Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are, that is resented. The first to offend propriety through the elaborate description of the Sambhoga among Divinities was Kālidāsa, who, in the 8th canto of the Kumārasambhava, waxes eloquent in the narration of the amorous sports of S'iva and Pārvati—an episode that has evoked opprobrium from Mammata who says:

किं तु रतिः सम्भोगश्रृङ्गाररूपा उत्तमदेवताविषया न वर्णनीया। तद्वर्णनं हि स्वपित्रोः सम्भोगवर्णनमिव अत्यन्तमनुचितम्। (Kāvyaprakāsa).

But Kālidāsa's sallies of voluptuousness are anaemic in comparison with the full-blooded salacities of Jayadeva. Hundreds of such instances might be cited, but we refrain from doing so, lest we offend decorum, Such recklessness in the use of the voluptuous has evoked the well merited condemnation of Jagannātha Paṇḍitarāja who writes, harshly perhaps, but justly:

यत्र सहृदयानां रसोद्बोधः प्रमाणसिद्धः तत्रैव साधारणीकरणस्य कल्पनात्। अन्यथा स्वमातृविषयक स्वपितृरतिवर्णनेऽपि सहृदयस्य रसोद्बोधापत्तेः। जयदेवादिभिस्तु गीतगोविन्दादिप्रबन्धेषु सकलसहृदयसंमतोऽयं समयो मदोन्मत्तमतङ्गजैरिव भिन्नः। (Rasagangādhara)

So thorough-going is Jagannātha in his condemnation of Jayadeva, that he indicts the latter of *Rasabhanga*—the most serious offence that a poet could be culpable of. Nor, perhaps, is Jagannātha's accusation ill-founded. To represent Bhagavān S'ri Kṛṣṇa as a seasoned विट, eager for amours, adroit and effeminate, and as a maudlin sentimentalist and again to delineate Rādhā, a Nāyikā of

the Padminī class, as an Abhisārika, are offences which none, endowed with a sense of veneration for the Divine, could condone, much less tolerate. No wonder, then, if the Kāvya is not as popular among discerning scholars as it should otherwise be.

But, surprisingly enough, it is tremendously popular among the votaries of the Bengal School of Vaiṣṇavism, and among the followers of the Bhāgavata Sampradāya in the South, for whom the Kāvya is very much of a canonical gospel. It is urged by these sectaries that the Kāvya has not only earned Divine approbation, but that *that* very bold passage:

स्मरगरलखण्डनं मम शिरसि मण्डनम् ।
देहि पदपल्लवमुदारम् ।

was penned by S'rī Kṛṣṇa himself, when Jayadeva, assailed by certain qualms, hesitated to pen it. The noisome lewdness, instead of being considered a defect, is regarded by the Bhāgavatas as the very quintessence of the Kavya, inasmuch as they urge that it is the ecstasy of Divine communion that is conveyed in the language of profane love. The poem is thus regarded as a mystic effort where the spiritual marriage of the jīva and Īs'wara is celebrated in the love of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. There is nothing, except tradition, to support this mystic hypothesis, unless the passage

यद्गान्धर्वकलासु कौशलं अनुध्यानं च यद्वैष्णवं
यच्छृङ्गारविवेकतत्त्वरचनाकाव्येषु लीलायितम् ।

तत्सर्वं जयदेवपण्डितकवेः कृष्णैकतानात्मनः
सानन्दाः परिशोधयन्तु सुधियः श्रीगीतगोविन्दतः ॥

(XII. 10)

and the other s'loka

यदि हरिस्मरणे सरसं मनो यदि विलासकलासु कुतूहलम् ।
मधुरकोमलकान्तपदावलीं शृणु तदा जयदेवसरस्वतीम् ॥

could be construed a hinting at a possible mystic interpretation. But this much, however, is certain. Mystics, the world over, of all times and of all climes, Christian, Sufi, S'aiva or Vaisṇava have always employed the language of profane love to describe the rapture of the soul's communion with the Divine. Jayadeva, too, probably belongs to this group of mystics who interpret mystic experience through the symbolism of earthly love. As Evelyn Underhill aptly remarks "the great mystics who adopted and elaborated this symbolism, applying it to their pure and ardent passion for the Absolute, were destitute of the prurient imagination which their modern commentators too often possess." (*Mysticism*). The Bhāgavatas may therefore be right if they read a deeper message in the Gīta Govinda than that of voluptuousness.

But whatever may be the shortcomings of the Kāvya, its merits far outweigh its defects. Jayadeva may not, perhaps, rank with Kālidāsa. But in his own way, he occupies certainly a very high place among poets, and no Rasika can afford to miss the enchanting beauty of the ravishing cadences and the sparkling ideas. Defects there may be. The beautiful lunar orb is not a whit less

beautiful because of those dark shadows on its surface. Further, when the poet has dedicated this Kāvya to his इष्टदेवता S'rī Kṛṣṇa, such consecration alone should be sufficient to transmute even its shortcomings into perfections. For how could imperfection exist, when hallowed by the grace of the Ever Perfect, the Absolute?

A few words with regard to the rendering in English that has been attempted in this book. The best known English "translation" now available is that of Edwin Arnold. (The Indian Song of Songs by Sir Edwin Arnold, Jaico Publishing House. Bombay-Calcutta). But too often Sir Edwin Arnold soars into a realm of poesy all his own, which however, is not the Poetry ot Jayadeva. In short, it is not so close to the original as one would wish it to be. The present English rendering attempts at presenting as close a "translation" of the *ideas* and the *spirit* of the original as is possible in a foreign language whose syntax is so entirelv different from that of Sanskrit.

Whatever may be the short-comings of this attempt, it seeks to throw open the beauties of the Kāvya even to those who are not conversant with Sanskrit. There are many, particularly among the Bhāgavatas in South India, who sing the Aṣṭapadis almost everyday, but who, nevertheless, are totally unfamilar with the significance of these songs. It is for such this work is intended. Not merely does this work seek to inform the readers of the poetic beauties of this work, but it endeavours to cultivate a sober, unbiassed view with regard to the poem instead of the unreasoning and exaggerated adulation that is too often lavished on the work.

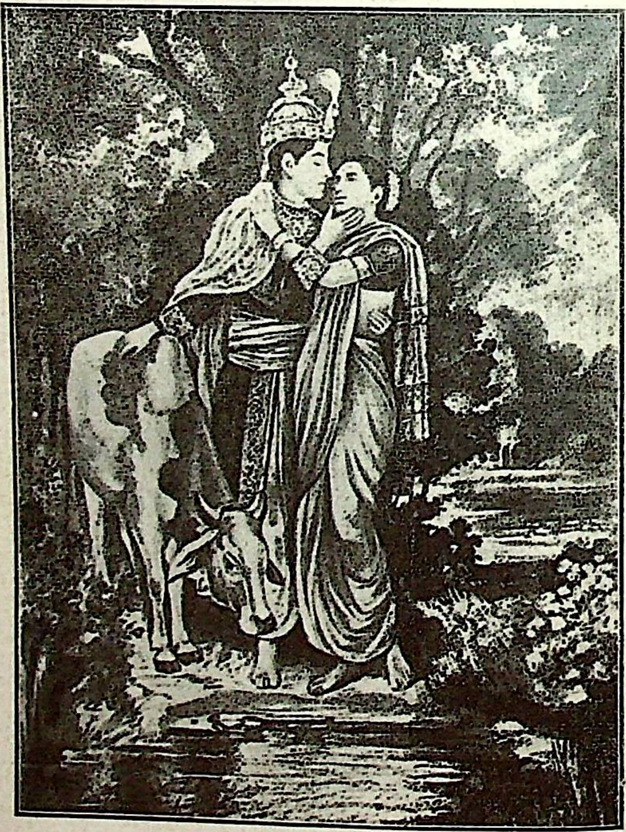
The present English rendering incorporates not merely the ideas of each s'loka of the text, but seeks to add thereto the finer shades which the standard commentaries of Kumbharāṇa and S'ankara Mis'ra offer in plenty. The text that has been followed is that of the Nirṇaya. Sāgar Press, but variations in readings have always been indicated.

If this English rendering should be found as useful as it intends to be, it would then have found the fullest justification for its existence.

# A NOTE ON TRANSLITERATION

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| अ | a | ट | ṭa |
| आ | ā | ठ | ṭha |
| इ | i | ड | ḍa |
| ई | ī | ढ | ḍha |
| उ | u | ण | ṇa |
| ऊ | ū | त | ta |
| ऋ | ṛ | थ | tha |
| ॠ | ṝ | द | da |
| ऌ | ḷ | ध | dha |
| ॡ | ḹ | न | na |
| ए | e | प | pa |
| ऐ | ai | फ | pha |
| ओ | o | ब | ba |
| औ | ou | भ | bha |
| क | ka | म | ma |
| ख | kha | य | ya |
| ग | ga | र | ra |
| घ | gha | ल | la |
| ङ | ña | व | va |
| च | cha | श | śa |
| छ | ccha | ष | ṣa |
| ज | ja | स | sa |
| झ | jha | ह | ha |
| ञ | jña | क्ष | kṣa |

| Examples of transliteration | |
|---|---|
| माधव | Mādhava |
| शृङ्गार | Sṛngāra |
| विष्णु | Viṣṇu |
| निकुञ्ज | Nikuñja |
| दामोदर | Dāmodara |
| साकाङ्क्षपुण्डरी काक्षः | Sākānkṣa Puṇḍarīkākṣa |



ॐ

श्री गणेशाय नमः ।

श्री गुरुभ्यो नमः ।

नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ।

# THE GĪTA GOVINDA KĀVYA

OF

# JAYADEVA

## CANTO I.

॥ प्रथमस्सर्गः ॥

श्लो ॥ मेघैर्मेदुरमम्बरं वनभुवश्श्यामास्तमालद्रुमैः
नक्तं भीरुरयं त्वमेव तदिमं राधे! गृहं प्रापय ।
इत्थं नन्दनिदेशतश्चकितयोः प्रत्यध्वकुंजद्रुमं
राधामाधवयोर्जयन्ति यमुनाकूले रहःकेळयः ॥ १

1. "The sky with sable clouds is overcast. Dark are the sylvan glades with the shades of the entwining foliage of the Tamāla trees overhead. It is night. This child, Kṛṣṇa, is scared. Whence, thou alone shouldst lead him back home." Thus by Nanda enjoined, wended the Divine Pair, Rādhā and Mādhava, and, enroute, sported amorously among the secret bowers that fringe the banks of Yamuna. May their sports triumph for aye.*

* This is the interpretation of the śloka favoured by Sánkara Miśra in his Rasamanjarī. The commentator assumes that, towards dusk, one evening, Rādhā leads the child

Kṛṣṇa far into the woodlands of the Bṛndāvana where Nanda is tending cattle. Perceiving the rapid onset of the night, along with the fast gathering gloom due to the rack of clouds that threaten to rain, Nanda, somewhat petutantly, commands Rādhā to lead the frightened child back home.—त्वमेवेत्यादि । हे राधे, तत्तस्मात्त्वमेवेमं कृष्णं गृहं प्रापय । अत्रैवकारः कोपोक्तौ । बाल्येऽयं यत्त्वयैतावद्दूरमानीतस्तस्मात्त्वमेव गृहमपि प्रापयेत्येवाभिप्रायात् । कुतः । यतोऽयं कृष्णो नक्तं रात्रौ भीरुः शिशुत्वाद्भयशीलः । इत्यादि । (Rasamanjari)

This incident, assumed by Sánkara Miśra is confirmed by the description in the Brahmavaivarta purāṇa where Nanda directs Rādhā to lead the child Kṛṣṇa home. (Br. Vai. Kṛ. Ja. Khand. ch. xiv. 4, 27, 28)

मेघावृतं नभो दृष्ट्वा श्यामलं काननान्तरम् ।
झंझावातं महाशब्दं वज्र शब्दं च दारुणम् ॥

* * *

गृहाण प्राणनाथं च गच्छ भद्रे यथासुखम् ।
पश्चात् दास्यसि मत्पुत्रं कृत्वा पूर्णमनोरथम् ॥

इत्युक्त्वा प्रददौ तस्यै रुदन्तं बालकं भिया ।
जग्राह बालकं राधा जहास मधुरं सुखात् ॥

Sánkara Miśra's interpretation is materially correct, since Jayadeva seems to have based the theme of his Kāvya on the Brahmavaivarta purāna.

But Kumbha Rānā considers this interpretation highly unacceptable in the sense that it does not faithfully reflect the idea that the poet had in mind. He therefore regards the first half (पूर्वार्ध) of the śloka as the utterance of Sri Kṛṣṇa himself, and not of Nanda. In the veiled language of lovers, Kṛṣṇa is said to woo Rādhā and seek her favours. Thus construed, the passage would read "Oh Rādhā, when the shadows of night are

श्लो ॥ वाग्देवताचरितचित्रितचित्तसद्मा
पद्मावतीचरणचारणचक्रवर्ती ।
श्रीवासुदेवरतिकेळिकथासमेत-
मेतं करोति जयदेवकविः प्रबन्धम् ॥ २

2. With his genius enlivened through the grace of the Vāgdevatā (Sarasvatī), with a suzerainty attained through steadfast devotion to the feet of Sri Padmāvatī (Laksmī) who bears in her hand the beautiful lotus,

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gathering apace, and clouds are piling up overhead, when the umbrageous foliage of the Tamāla throw a veil of protection from prying eyes, lead thou me. this creature that trembles with the fevered pangs of love, to the envied state of being thy lord and master, through blessing me with thy charms—हे राधे, तत्तस्माद्धेतोरिमं मल्लक्षणं जनं त्वमेव गृहं प्रापय। सामान्यनारीव्यावृत्त्या गृहिणीनिर्वर्त्ये सम्भोगादिकर्मणि समुदिता भवेत्यर्थः । अत्र गृहशब्देन तात्स्थ्याद्गृहिण्युच्यते गृहशब्दच्छलेन तामेव पुरस्कृत्य वनविहारदर्शनात् । (Rasika-priyā)

In support of this interpretation, Kumbharānā launches on an elaborate exegesis on Poetic Propriety. The significant differences between S'ankara Miśras and Kumbharāṇaś interpreta tion are that, according to the former, the Pūrvārdha is the utterance of Nanda (नन्दनिदेशः) but according to the latter, it is Kṛṣṇás. The third person pronoun तदिमं in the accusative case refers, in the former case, to to the child Kṛṣṇa, but in the latter case, तदिमं is in apposition to the speaker Kṛṣṇa himself, who probably, in the covert language of lovers, prefers to refer to himself in the third person.

Again, नन्दनिदेशतः, according to S'ankara Miśra, means नन्दाज्ञया (on the behest of Nanda) but according to Kumbharāṇā, it means नन्दसमीपात्, from the vicinity of Nanda.

Jayadevakavi does this song compose wherein are detailed the dalliances of S'rī Vāsudeva.*

श्लो ॥ यदि हरिस्मरणे सरसं मनो
यदि विलासकलासु कुतूहलम् ।
मधुरकोमलकान्तपदावलीं
शृणु तदा जयदेवसरस्वतीम् ॥ ३

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Kumbharāṇā's interpretation is therefore a shade too subtle, though ingenious. But S'ankara Miśra's construction bears greater fidelity to the Brahmavaivarta incident (*Vide supra*) and hence has been here adopted.

*Another instance of a very sharp difference in interpretation. According to Kumbharāṇā, पद्मावतीचरणचारणचक्रवर्ती means लक्ष्मीचरणसेवाग्रणीः । पद्मं करेऽस्ति यस्याः सा पद्मावती लक्ष्मीः ।......... अथ पद्मावती अष्टाक्षरमन्त्राधिदैवतं तस्याश्चरणचारणेन परिचार्याविशेषेण चक्रवर्ती कविराज इत्यर्थः । (Rasikapriyā)

But in sharp contrast with the foregoing interpretation, S'ankara Miśra, and, after him, the Bhāgavata Ṣampradāya, understand the passage in question as "the uncrowned Master who set the feet of his wife Padmāvathi dancing in graceful measure to the strains of his song.—पद्मावती नाम जयदेवपत्नी तस्याश्चरणयोर्यच्चारणं संचारणम् । नर्तनमिति यावत् । तेन चक्रवर्ती । नटसार्वभौम इत्यर्थः ।

Kumbharāṇā acidly rejects this interpretation urging, पद्मावती तस्य कलत्रमेके वदन्ति यत्तन्न विचारचारु......अतस्तद्व्याख्योपेक्षा ।

Edwin Arnold's rendering of the passage
"Ever to his notes of love
Lakshmi's mystic dancers move"
conveys very little sense.

3. Is thy mind set, in fervid devotion, on the contemplation of Hari's glories? Or, is thy heart set on the inebriating art that deals with the soft lure of feminine blandishments? Listen, then, to these strains of Jayadeva that are at once dulcet, sublime and deep in form and in purport,

श्लो॥ वाचः पल्लवयत्युमापतिधरस्संदर्भशुद्धिं गिरां
जानीते जयदेव एव शरणः श्लाघ्यो दुरूहद्रुतेः ।
शृंगारोत्तरसत्प्रमेयरचनैराचार्यगोवर्धन-
स्पर्धी कोऽपि न विश्रुतश्श्रुतिधरो धोयी कविक्ष्मापतिः॥ ४

4. Umāpatidhara is prolific in the luxuriance of his verbiage. S'araṇa surpasses in recondite subtleties, and in pedantic flamboyancy. Āchārya Govardhana is indeed peerless in the dexterous handling of the erotic element in poetry; and Dhoyi, far famed as the prince among poets (Kavirāja) pleases the ear most with his cadences. But Jayadeva alone wields full well his mastery over apt and felicitous expression, consonant with the depth of sense*

श्रीवासुदेवरतिकेलिकथासमेतमेतं । श्रीश्च वासुदेवश्च तौ । तयो रतिकेलिकथा-समेतम् । (Rasikapriyā) is an alternative interpretation—the dalliances of S'rī (Lakshmi) and Vāsudeva.

* Umāpatidhara, S'araṇa, Govardhana and Dhoyi were Jayadeva's contemporaries and his brother poets at the court of Lakṣmaṇasena of Bengal, (circa, 1168). This is evident from an inscription above the entrance to the audience hall of Lakṣmaṇasena: गोवर्धनश्च शरणो जयदेव उमापतिः । कविराजश्च रत्नानि समितौ लक्ष्मणस्य च ॥ Kumbharāṇā, however, considers श्रुतिधर as another contemporary poet, and explains विश्रुतः श्रुतिधर as

## अष्टपदी १.

॥ मालवगौडरागेण रूपकतालेन गीयते ॥

प्रळयपयोधिजले धृतवानसि वेदं विहितवहित्रचरित्रमखेदम् ।
केशव ! धृतमीनशरीर ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ १

## SONG 1.

(This song is rendered in South India in *Māyāmālava gaula rāga* and in *Ādi. Tāla.* Some, however, render it in *Soursātra rāga.*

1. Effortless, Thou dost resuscitate the Vedas that are in the waters of the Deluge submerged; and aloft dost Thou hold them in the guise of a fish (मीन). Hail, Kes'ava, hail to Thee, oh Lord of the Universe!

क्षितिरतिविपुलतरे तव तिष्ठति पृष्ठे धरणिधरणकिणचक्रगरिष्ठे ।
केशव ! धृतकच्छपरूप ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! २

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as श्रुतिधर नामा कविः विश्रुतः विख्यातः । But S'ankara Miśra does nor recognise the existence of an individual by name S'rutidhara, but construes the entire expression श्रुतिधरो धोयी कविक्ष्मापतिः as meaning धोयी नाम कविराजः श्रुतिधरः श्रुतिः श्रवणं तन्मात्रादेव ग्रन्थग्राही । Since Lakṣmaṇasena's court boasted of only five poets, the enumeration of an additional poet of the name S'rutidhara seems to go counter to all available historic evidence. The interpretation of S'ankara Miśra has been adopted here.

In celebrating the principal *fortes* of his contemporaries Jayadeva slyly hints at their limitations, and claims superiority over the rest for his own exceptionally brilliant talents.

2. As the huge Kacchapa (Tortoise), Thou supportest on Thy vast back, the ponderous earth that firmly rests thereon, imprinting thus a deep and indelible mark on Thy back, and looking thereon but like a tiny mole.

वसति दशनशिखरे धरणी तव लग्ना शशिनि कलङ्ककलेव निमग्ना ।
केशव ! धृतसूकररूप ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ३

3. At the tip of Thy mighty tusks clings the vast earth, tiny as but a speck—like the dark spot on the arc of the crescent moon. Glory be unto Thee, Oh Kes'ava, that dost assume the form of the mighty Boar! Hail, Thou Lord of the Universe!

तव करकमलवरे नखमद्भुतशृङ्गं दलितहिरण्यकशिपुवरभृङ्गम् ।
केशव ! धृतनरहरिरूप जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ४

4. Strange! when Thou didst the form of Narahari assume, Thy finger-nails, like the long petals of the ruddy lotus, tore up the body of that Black Bee, Hiraṇyakas'ipu! May'st Thou well triumph!*

छलयसि विक्रमणे बलिमद्भुतवामन ! पदनखनीरजनितजनपावन ।
केशव ! धृतवामनरूप ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ५

5. Oh Thou Wondrous Dwarf! Thou dost deceive Bali by encompassing the worlds with the three strides of Thy Foot! And the nail of Thy toe, shattering the

* Black bees generally lacerate the lotus petals. But here the lotus petals (the fingers of Nṛsimha) tear up the black bee (Hiraṇyakaśipu) Hence the element of marvel! अन्यत्र कमलपत्राणि भृङ्गेण विदार्यन्ते । अत्र तु कमलेनैव भृङ्गो विदारित इत्यद्भुतम् ।

frontiers of the Brāhmāṇḍa (the Universe) released those floods that, even to this day, sanctify the denizens of the earth! Hail to Thee, Kes'ava!

क्षत्रियरुधिरमये जगदपगतपापं स्नपयसि पयसि शमितभवतापं ।
केशव ! धृतभृगुपतिरूप ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ६

6. In thy Advent as Paras'urāma (Bhṛgupati), Thou bathest, and thence purifest, the sinful creatures of the earth in the vast lake which Thou did'st fill with the blood of the Kṣatriya hordes whom Thou did'st extirpate! Hail to Thee, Bhārgava!

वितरसि दिक्षु रणे दिक्पतिकमनीयं दशमुखमौलिबलिं रमणीयम् ।
केशव ! धृतरामशरीर ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ७

7. In Thy marvellous exploits as S'rī Rāma, Thou scatterest to the ten quarters of the earth the heads of the formidable Rāvaṇa, as if offering oblations to the guardian deities of the quarters, to whom, indeed, the offering was most acceptable! Glory to Thee, Oh Raghupati!

वहसि वपुषि विशदे वसनं जलदाभं हलहतिभीतिमिलितयमुनाभम् ।
केशव ! धृतहलधररूप ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ८

8. Oh Haladhara (Balarāma)! On Thy majestic form Thou wearest the garments dark-blue as the waters of the Yamunā—as if she (Yamunā), in terror of Thy conquering ploughshare, had sought sanctuary in Thee, and clung to Thee in supplication!

निन्दसि यज्ञविधेरहह श्रुतिजातं सदयहृदयदर्शितपशुघातम् ।
केशव ! धृतबुद्धशरीर ! जय जगदीश ! हरे ! ९

9. How strange! Animated by compassion for the dumb creatures, Thou dost, as the Buddha, condemn the Vedic injunctions that enjoin the sacrifice of animals!

म्लेच्छनिवहनिधने कलयसि करवालं धूमकेतुमिव किमपि करालम्।
केशव! धृतकल्किशरीर! जय जगदीश! हरे! १०

10. In Thy Advent-to-be as Kalki, Thou brandishest aloft Thy terrible sword, terrible as the fiery comet, annihilating the Mleccha (alien) hordes!

Hail unto Thee, Kes'ava! Lord of the worlds!

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदमुदितमुदारं शृणु शुभदं सुखदं भवसारम्।
केशव! धृतदशविधरूप! जय जगदीश! हरे! ११

11. Oh Lord, that didst these ten avatars assume! Deign but to listen to this song of prayer of Jayadeva that is at once sublime and supremely auspicious, that promotes all felicities and ensures final emancipation!

श्लो॥ वेदानुद्धरते जगन्निवहते भूगोलमुद्बिभ्रते
दैत्यान्दारयते बलिं छलयते क्षत्रक्षयं कुर्वते।
पौलस्त्यं जयते हलं कलयते कारुण्यमातन्वते
म्लेच्छान्मूर्च्छयते दशाकृतिकृते कृष्णाय तुभ्यं नमः॥

12. Oh Kṛṣṇa, may our obeisance ever be unto Thee that didst uphold the Vedas, support the world on Thy back, restore the world over-run by the deluge, lacerate the mighty Titan Hiraṇyakas'ipu, deceive Bali, extirpate the Kṣatriyas, triumph over Rāvaṇa, wield the plough-share, propagate compassion, and overcome the alien hordes!

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## SONG 2.

॥ गुर्जरीरागनिस्सारताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

श्रितकमलाकुचमण्डल ! धृतकुण्डल ! ए।
कलितललितवनमाल ! जयजय देव ! हरे ! ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Usually rendered in *Bhairavī Rāga* and *Triputa Tāla.*)

May'st Thou ever triumph, Oh Lord Hari!

1. Thou seekest ever to clasp in embrace the tender bosom of Kamalā (Lakṣmī). Pendants adorn Thy ear, and wreaths of fresh-blown sylvan flowers encircle Thy neck.

दिनमणिमण्डलमण्डन ! भवखण्डन ! ए।
मुनिजनमानसहंस ! जयजय देव ! हरे ! २

2. Thou dost, with Thy splendour, illumine the orb of day. Thou chasest away the ills of Samsāra. Thou art verily the royal Hamsa (Swan) that dost abide in the serene expanse of the hearts of ascetics (मुनयः).

कालियविषधरगञ्जन ! जनरञ्जन ! ए।
यदुकुलनलिनदिनेश ! जयजय देव ! हरे ! ३

3. Destroying the venomous reptile Kāliya, Thou dos't delight the hearts of Thy Kinsmen. Thou dos't delight the Yadus and enliven their being, even as the sun causes the lotus to blossom forth in all its beauty.

मधुमुरनरकविनाशन ! गरुडासन ! ए।
सुरकुलकेलिनिदान ! जयजय ! देव ! हरे ! ४

4. Thou dost quell the mighty Madhu, Mura and Naraka. Thou sittest enthroned on the back of Garuda. Thou dost gladden the hearts of the celestials with Thy works of weal and ensure their eternal jubilance!

अमलकमलदललोचन ! भवमोचन ! ए ।
त्रिभुवनभवननिदान ! जयजय देव हरे ! ५

5. Thine eyes are beautiful as the roseate petals of a lotus bloom. Thou dost liberate the jīvas from bondage. These three worlds are Thy eternal abodes!

जनकसुताकुचभूषण ! जितदूषण ! ए ।
समरशमितदशकण्ठ ! जयजय ! देव हरे ! ६

6. Playfully didst Thou deck Sīta with lovely ornaments.* Thou didst destroy Dūṣaṇa and in battle slay the ten-headed Rāvaṇa.

अभिनवजलधरसुन्दर ! धृतमन्दर ! ए ।
श्रीमुखचन्द्रचकोर ! जयजय देव ! हरे ! ७

7. Thou art beautiful as the fresh rain-laden cloud! Thou didst support the Mandara mountain on Thy back. Like the Chakora bird that drinks in the argent rays of the full moon, Thou drinkest with Thine eyes the bewitching beauty of the countenance of Lakṣmi.

* जनकसुताकृतभूषण । जनकसुतायाः सीतायाः कृतानि भूषणानि मकरिकापत्रादीनि येन तादृश ।

The common South Indian recension जनकसुताकुचभूषण is not quite happy, and has been rejected.

तव चरणे प्रणता वयमिति भावय ! ए ।
कुरु कुशलं प्रणतेषु जयजय देव ! हरे ! ८

8. Deign but to note, Oh Loid, that we seek refuge at Thy Feet. Shower all auspiciousness on us, Thy auppliants. *

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदं कुरुते मुदं, ए ।
मङ्गलमुज्ज्वलगीतं जयजय देव ! हरे ! ९

9. This song of Jayadeva, excellent in every sense doth engender delight and confer all weal.

श्लो ॥ पद्मापयोधरतटीपरिरम्भलग्नं
काश्मीरमुद्रितमुरो मधुसूदनस्य ।
व्यक्तानुरागमिव खेलदनङ्गखेद
स्वेदाम्बुपूरमनुपूरयतु प्रियं वः ॥ १०

10. May those pearly streams of sweat, streaming profusely from the broad bosom of Madhusūdana—that bosom, whereon are stained the deep imprints of the saffron paste, laid on the bosom of Padmā (Lakṣmī) and transferred in the course of a deep embrace, as if the deep passion stirring His heart had become manifest in those deep red stains—may these streams of sweat, coursing

* This Pāda

तव चरणे प्रणता वयमिति भावय ए ।
कुरु कुशलं प्रणतेषु जय जय देव हरे ॥

is usually not found in the South Indian recension.

down in the languour succeeding amorous sport, fulfil your desires.†

श्लो ॥ वसन्ते वासन्तीकुसुमसुकुमारैरवयवै-
भ्रमन्तीं कान्तारे बहुविहितकृष्णानुसरणाम् ।
अमन्दं कन्दर्पज्वरजनितचिन्ताकुलतया
वलद्बाधां राधां सरसमिदमूचे सहचरी ॥ ११

11. It is spring. In the perfection of lovely youth, beauteous as the Vāsantī creepers in full bloom, with her mind distracted by the delirium engendered by the scorching fever caused by Madana's archery, wanders Rādhā restlessly, hither and thither, in the woodland glades, in quest of her beloved Kṛṣṇa. Her, thus deeply afflicted with the pangs of love, the Sakhī (the female companion) addresses with accents soft.

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## SONG 3.

॥ वसन्तरागयतितालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

ललितलवङ्गलतापरिशीलनकोमलमलयसमीरे ।
मधुकरनिकरकरम्बितकोकिलकूजितकुञ्जकुटीरे ॥ १

† Here the pun is on the word राग which means both passion and the red colour.

व्यक्तानुरागमिव प्रतीयमानानुरागमिव। ...... नेदं कुङ्कुमं किं तु हृदिस्थोऽनुरागो बहिर्भूत इव ।(इति भावः) (Rasikapriyā)

(Rendered in Lalitā Rāga and in Ādi Tāla, Some render it in (Us'āni) rāga as well).

1. The soft breeze from the Malaya Hills, caressing the tender lavanga creepers, blows balmy and soothing. In those umbrageous bowers, the hum of the swarms of honeybees blend sweetly and languidly with the dulcet cooing of the Kokilas.

विहरति हरिरिह सरसवसन्ते नृत्यति ।
युवतिजनेन समं सखि ! विरहिजनस्य दुरन्ते ध्रुवम् ॥ २

2. Here, sweet my friend, doth Hari sport, blithesomely with the beauteous maidens, in this vernal season (Vasanta), the season that spells agony unto lovers who pine away in anguish, far from their beloved ones.

उन्मदमदनमनोरथपथिकवधूजनजनितविलापे ।
अलिकुलसङ्कुलकुसुमसमूहनिराकुलवकुलकलापे ॥ ३

3. With their passions set aflame by Madana, who excruciates their hearts with insidious archery, the damsels whose lovers are afar off, plodding their weary way in distant climes, pour out their soul's agony in loud lamentations. The clusters of Bakula blossoms are literally smothered by the swarms of black honey-bees that teem in their millions.

मृगमदसौरभरभसवशंवदनवदलमालतमाले ।
युवजनहृदयविदारणमनसिजनखरुचिकिंशुकजाले ॥ ४

4. The tender sprays of the Tamāla trees shoot forth in profusion. perfuming the breeze with the fragrance of musk. The long, tapering Kims'uka buds look as if they

were the sharp finger nails of Manmatha wherewith he cruelly lacerates the hearts of youthful lovers.

मदनमहीपतिकनकदण्डरुचिकेसरकुसुमविकासे ।
मिळितशिलीमुखपाटलपटलकृतस्मरतूणविलासे ॥ ५

5. The filaments of Bakula flowers look like sceptres wrought of gold which Madana, the King of the Vernal season, wields in exercise of his empire. The clusters of Pāṭala blossoms look verily like the cruel barbs that fill the quiver of the archer Kandarpa (Manmatha).

विगळितलज्जितजगदवलोकनतरुणकरुणकृतहासे ।
विरहिनिकृन्तनकुन्तमुखाकृतिकेतकदन्तुरिताशे ॥ ६

6. The trees, expressing their unbounded rapture, as it were, through the myriad blossoms that bloom in riotous profusion, smile around with tender compassion on all the creatures that, under the potent spell of Spring, have cast off their sense of shame to the winds. The Keteka flowers, bristling in profusion all around, in every direction, look like darts wherewith the hearts of distracted lovers are torn asunder.

माधविकापरिमलललिते नवमालतिजातिसुगन्धौ ।
मुनिमनसामपि मोहनकारिणि तरुणाकारणबन्धौ ॥ ७

7. The Mādhavi flowers, and the freshly blossomed Mālatī flood the air with their ethereal aroma, madden the hearts of even anchorites, and, like a solicitous friend, delight the hearts of youth.

स्फुरदतिमुक्तलतापरिरम्भणमुकुळितपुलकितचूते ।
वृन्दावनविपिने परिसरपरिगतयमुनाजलपूते ॥ ८

8. Embraced, as it were, by the tender Vāsantī creepers that gently nod in the breeze, the Chūta tree, as if a-thrill with the exquisite delight of it, bursts forth into a riotous luxuriance of blossoms. In such a season, here, in the glades of Bṛndāvana, girt by the cool streams of Yamunā, sports Hari with the bevy of amorous damsels.

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमुदयति हरिचरणस्मृतिसारम् ।
सरसवसन्तसमयवनवर्णनमनुगतमदनविकारम् ॥ ९

9. Thus, in all glory, doth this song of Jayadeva emanate; this song that doth engender thoughts of devotion to the feet of Hari; that, again, through the description of the exquisite beauties of the Spring, enkindles the pangs of love in the hearts of those that listen to its melodious strains.

श्लो ॥ दरविदलितमल्लीवल्लिचञ्चत्पराग-
प्रकटितपटवासैर्वासयन्काननानि ।
इह हि दहति चेतः केतकीगन्धबन्धुः
प्रसरदसमबाणप्राणवद्गन्धवाहः ॥ १२

10. The odoriferous breeze, blowing as it lists, in this vernal season, laden with the perfumes of the Ketaki, is verily like the breath of the fell archer Manmatha, which blights the senses of the distracted lovers. And as it steals through the entwining creepers of the Mallikā whose buds do but just partly open, it scatters all around the fragrant pollen grains.

श्लो॥ उन्मीलन्मधुगन्धलुब्धमधुपव्याधूतचूताङ्कुर-
क्रीडत्कोकिलकाकलीकलरवैरुद्गीर्णकर्णज्वराः ।
नीयन्ते पथिकैः कथं कथमपि ध्यानानुधानक्षण-
प्राप्तप्राणसमासमागमरसोल्लासैरमी वासराः ॥ १३

11. With what anguish of heart do those wayfarers pass these weary vernal days, far away from their beloved ones! The shrill notes of the Kokilas, ensconced among the leafy niches of the Chuta trees, whose clusters of myriad blossoms wave gently in the breeze, weighed down by the swarms of rapacious bees that teem around them, drawn thereto by the honeyed aroma—these warblings of the Kokilas sear the ears of those pining lovers, and raise their auguish to fever pitch. And, separated from their dear ones as they are, these love-lorn wayfarers sink languidly into a reminiscent mood wherein, like yogis, they contemplate deeply and tenderly on those delights that erstwhile they culled during their past dalliances with their mistresses, dearer far to them than their very lives.

श्लो॥ अनेकनारीपरिरम्भसंभ्रम-
स्फुरन्मनोहारिविलासलालसम् ।
मुरारिमारादुपदर्शयन्त्यसौ
सखीसमक्षं पुनराह राधिकाम् ॥ १४

1. Drawing Rādhā's attention to Kṛṣṇa who is sporting not far off with redoubled ardour with the cowherd maidens, His passion having been heightened through their amorously delicious embraces, the Sakhi again addresses her and says;—

## SONG 4.

॥ रामक्रियारागयतितालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

चन्दनचर्चितनीलकलेवरपीतवसनवनमाली ।

केलिचलन्मणिकुण्डलमण्डितगण्डयुगस्मितशाली ॥ २

हरिरिह मुग्धवधूनिकरे-विलासिनि विलसति केलिपरे ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥

(Rendered in Pantuvarāli Rāga and Ādi Tāla)

2. "Oh thou amorous one! behold how Hari sports here among the love-maddened damsels, who overwhelm Him with their allurements. His limbs, blue as lapis lazuli, are besmeared all over with the fragrant sandal paste. Dight in garments of ruddy gold, He wears around His neck a wreath of wild sylvan flowers. In the restless movements of His amorous sports, the gem-set pendents, dangling in His ears, cast iridescent hues on His cheeks. And a bewitching smile lights up His countenance.

पीनपयोधरभारभरेण हरिं परिरभ्य सरागम् ।

गोपवधूरनुगायति काचिदुदञ्चितपञ्चमरागम् ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥ ३

3. A cowherd damsel, overcome with amorous excitement, folds Hari in a deep embrace, crushing Him down, as it were, with the weight of her gracefully shaped bosom, as, with her shrill melodious voice, she accompanies the song that Kṛṣṇa plays on the flute.

काऽपि विलासविलोलविलोचनखेलनजनितमनोजम् ।

ध्यायतिमुग्धवधूरधिकंमधुसूदनवदनसरोजम् ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥ ४

4. Another amorous cowherd maiden drinks in, with her eyes, the countenance of Madhusūdana, beauteous as a

lotus in full bloom, rendered all the more lovely by those restless glances that sparkle with passionate animation. And having drunk Him in, she lapses into a deep meditation of that Form, now enthroned in her heart.

काऽपि कपोलतले मिलिता लपितुं कमपि श्रुतिमूले ।
काऽपि चुचुम्ब नितम्बवती दयितं पुलकैरनुकूले ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥ ५

5. Yet another damsel of shapely hip, under pretence of having something to communicate in secret into His ear, stealthily imprints a kiss on the cheeks of her beloved Kṛṣṇa, whose hairs stand on end, thrilled by that soft caress.

केलिकलाकुतुकेन च काचिदमुं यमुनाजलकूले ।
मञ्जुलवञ्जुलकुञ्जगतं विचकर्ष करेण दुकूले ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥ ६

6. Another maiden, eager for sport, seizes Kṛṣṇa's silken raiment, and drags Him along by main force from the pleasant bower of Vañjula creepers whither He has secretly retired.

करतलतालतरलवलयावलिकलितकलस्वनवंशे ।
रासरसे सहनृत्यपरा हरिणा युवतिः प्रशशंसे ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥ ७

7. Another maiden, dancing a measure with graceful steps in the Rāsa maṇḍala, beats time to the sweet notes of Kṛṣṇa's flute with the palms of her hands, so that the bracelets on her arms tinkle musically in rhythmic cadence.

श्लिष्यति कामपि चुम्बति कामपि रमयति कामपि रामाम् ।
पश्यति सस्मितचारुतरामपरामनुगच्छति वामाम् ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥८

8. One He clasps in close embrace; another He kisses passionately; yet another He caresses in secret; smitten by the arch smiles of another, He gazes longingly at her, and then abjectly He follows another damsel who, with admirable coquetry, feigns high dudgeon.

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमद्भुतकेशवकेलिरहस्यम् ।
वृन्दावनविपिने ललितं वितनोतु शुभानि यशस्यम् ॥ हरि–केलिपरे ॥९

9. May this mellifluous song of Jayadeva that describes the secret yet wonderful sports of Kṛṣṇa, confer on ye all blessedness and renown.

श्लो॥ विश्वेषामनुरञ्जनेन जनयन्नानन्दमिन्दीवर-
श्रेणीश्यामलकोमलैरुपनयन्नङ्गैरनङ्गोत्सवम् ।
स्वच्छन्दं व्रजसुन्दरीभिरभितः प्रत्यङ्गमालिङ्गितः
शृङ्गारः सखि मूर्तिमानिव मधौ मुग्धो हरिः क्रीडति । १५

10. Sweet my friend, Rādhā, here, in this spring, passionately doth Hari sport, like Love incarnate, steeping the gopis in bliss through his dalliances, enslaving them with the beauty of his Form, tender and beautiful like the Nilotpala (blue lily). Surrounded by the bevy of the belles of Vraja, He is gathered in wanton embrace by them who caress every limb of His with a burning passion.

श्लो॥ नित्योत्सङ्गवसद्भुजङ्गकवलक्लेशादिवेशाचलं
प्रालेयप्लवनेच्छयाऽनुसरति श्रीखण्डशैलानिलः ।
किञ्च स्निग्धरसालमौलिमुकुलान्यालोक्य हर्षोदया-
दुन्मीलन्ति कुहूरिति कलोत्तालाः पिकानां गिरः ॥ १६

11. And now the warm breeze from the Malaya Mountains wends north, as if proceeding to the snow fields of the Himāchala, there to wallow in the snows to assuage the fevered warmth it has acquired through being respired by the venomous serpents that live among the hollows of the trunks of sandal-wood trees that abound on the southern hills. Further, beholding the thickly clustering buds that crown the Rasāla and As'oka trees, the Kokilas, in a flood-tide of joyous minstrelsy, warble sweetly and shrilly " Kuhoo, Kuhoo ".

श्लो ॥ रासोल्लासभरेण विभ्रमभृतामाभीरवामभ्रुवा-
मभ्यर्णं परिरभ्य निर्भरमुरः प्रेमान्धया राधया ।
साधु त्वद्वदनं सुधामयमिति व्याहृत्य गीतस्तुति-
व्याजादुत्कटचुम्बितस्मितमनोहारी हरिः पातु वः ॥ १७

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे सामोददामोदरो नाम प्रथमस्सर्गः ॥ १ ॥

12. May Hari protect ye—Hari who maddens all with His bewitching smile, particularly Rādhā, who, blinded by overpowering passion, hugged Him close to her bosom, and, under pretence of commending His music, drank His lips deep, exclaiming " Sweet indeed is Thy face, surpassingly sweet as nectar," while around thronged the beautiful-browed cowherd damsels whose hearts were tumultuous with the delights of the Rāsa sports !

Thus ends the First Canto of the Gīta Govinda
of Jayadēva, entitled Sānanda Dāmodara.
(The Sports of Kṛṣṇa).

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# CANTO II.

॥ द्वितीयः सर्गः ॥

अक्लेशकेशवः

श्लो ॥ विहरति वने राधा साधारणप्रणये हरौ
विगलितनिजोत्कर्षादीर्ष्यावशेन गताऽन्यतः ।
क्वचिदपि लताकुञ्जे गुञ्जन्मधुव्रतमण्डली-
मुखरशिखरे लीना दीनाऽप्युवाच रहस्सखीम् ॥ १८

1. While thus doth Hari sport among the wanton cowherdesses, Rādhā, affronted by His neglect, considering herself humiliated and touched by jealousy, retired to another part of the forest; and there, retreating into the solitudes of a bower where the noisy babel of the humming bees but served to inflame her passion, she poured out the agony of her soul in secret into the ears of her Sakhi.

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## SONG 5.

॥ गुर्जरीरागेण यतितालेनच गीयते ॥

सञ्चरदधरसुधामधुरध्वनिमुखरितमोहनवंशं
चलितदृगञ्चलचञ्चलमौलिकपोलविलोलवतंसम् ।
रासे हरिमिह विहितविलासं
स्मरति मनो मम कृतपरिहासम् ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ २

(Usually rendered in Todi rāgā and in Tripuṭa tāla)

2. "Fondly doth my heart hanker after Hari, who, with heightened animation, sports in the Rāsa maṇḍala, jesting with the gopis in amorous pleasantry.

1 & 2. As with His tremulous lips He plays gently on the flute, rapturous melody, ravishingly sweet as nectar, floods the ears and enchants them with a delirious delight. And as He plays those soul-stirring strains, His eyes swim, as it were, in ineffable ecstasy. Softly does the crest of peacock plumes that diadems His head nod in expressive accord with His minstrelsy ; the soft damask cheeks quiver in animation, and the blazing ear-pendents dance restlessly in His ears.

चन्द्रकचारुमयूरशिखण्डकमण्डळवळयितकेशम् ।
प्रचुरपुरन्दरधनुरनुरञ्जितमेदुरमुदिरसुवेषम् ॥ रासे—हासम् ॥ ३

3. The curls on His forehead are encircled by a coronet wrought of fascinating, multi-coloured peacock plumes. And the dazzling gems that sparkle forth in a blaze of iridescent hues, look like the rainbow against His dark limbs, dark as the fresh rain-laden cloud.

गोपकदम्बनितम्बवतीमुखचुम्बनलम्भितलोभम् ।
बन्धुजीवमधुराधरपल्लवकलितदरस्मितशोभम् ॥ रासे–हासम् ॥ ४

4. His passion seems to grow by what it feeds on, by those sweet draughts culled off the lips of the beautiful cowherd damsels with shapely hips. His ruddy lips, red as the Bandujīva flower, are lighted up with an enchanting smile that plays thereon.

विपुलपुलकभुजपल्लववलयितवल्लवयुवतिसहस्रम् ।
करचरणोरसि मणिगणभूषणकिरणविभिन्नतमिस्रम् ॥ रासे—हासम् ॥५

5. With those sweeping arms of His, tense with the thrill of pleasure, yet soft as the tender sprouts, He

infolds the amorous gopis in passionate embrace. And as He moves excitedly, the ornaments on His arms, ankles and bosom blaze like stars that chase the darkness away.

जलदपटलचलदिन्दुविनिन्दकचन्दनविन्दुललाटम् ।
पीनपयोधरपरिसरमर्दननिर्दयहृदयकपाटम् ॥ रासे–हासम् ॥ ६

6. Like the orb of the full moon, rising among drifting rainclouds, doth shine the spot of sandal (चन्दनतिलक) on His forehead, fringed by those showering curls that gambol lightly in the breeze. There is almost a vein of cruelty in the eagerness with which He caresses the charming features of the myriad gopis.*

मणिमयमकरमनोहरकुण्डलमण्डितगण्डमुदारम् ।
पीतवसनमनुगतमुनिमनुजसुरासुरवरपरिवारम् ॥ रासे-हासम् ॥ ७

7. His cheeks are lighted by those gem-studded Makarakundalas that adorn His ears. Supremely handsome and majestic He stands, clothed in golden raiments, attended on by the hierarchy of ascetics, men, the celestials and the asuras.

विशदकदम्बतले मिलितं कलिकलुषभयं शमयन्तम् ।
मामपि किमपितरलतरङ्गदनङ्गदृशामनसा रमयन्तम् ॥ रासे-हासम्॥८

8. Standing beneath the out-spreading Kadamba tree, dispelling, through His grace, the ills that attend in the wake of the sins of Kaliyuga, He maddens the worlds with those ravishing glances; aye, even I that have hardened my heart against that perfidious one,—even I

* This is the most innocuous way of rendering
पीनपयोधरपरिसरमर्दननिर्दयहृदयकपाटम् ।

am swept off my feet and steeped in a maelstrom of intensely amorous longing by those enchanting glances that sparkle forth from His eyes.

श्रीजयदेवभणितमतिसुन्दरमोहनमधुरिपुरूपम् ।
हरिचरणस्मरणं प्रतिसम्प्रतिपुण्यवतामनुरूपम् ॥ रासे-हासम् ॥ ९

9. By Jayadeva is thus portrayed the marvellous Beauty of the Form of Madhuripu (Kṛṣṇa)—that bewitching Form which imprints itself indelibly on the hearts of those saintly souls who constantly contemplate with fervid devotion on His feet.

श्लो ॥ गणयति गुणग्रामं भ्रामं भ्रमादपि नेहते
वहति च परीतोषं दोषं विमुञ्चति दूरतः ।
युवतिषु वलत्तृष्णे कृष्णे विहारिणि मां विना
पुनरपि मनो वामं कामं करोति करोमि किम् ॥ १५

15. What indeed shall I do, sweet my friend?—My perverse heart flees madly unto Kṛṣṇa again, restrain it however much I would. Perfidious as He is, my mind dwells only on His enthralling excellences. Nor could I be wroth with Him, even through a trick of self-forgetfulness. Whilst I should naturally grieve at His callousness in neglecting me, strangely and perversely does my heart delight in the contemplation of His sweet nature ; aye, forgets altogether the grave misdemeanour He has been guilty of with regard to me, when, abandoning me, He sports wantonly with the youthful cowherdesses.

———

## SONG 6.

(Usually rendered in *Kāmboji Rāga* and *Triputa tāla*)

॥ मालवगौडरागेण एकतालीतालेनच ॥

निभृतनिकुञ्जगृहं गतया निशि रहसि निलीय वसन्तं
चकितविलोकितसकलदिशा रतिरभसभरेण हसन्तम् ।
सखि ! हे केशिमथनमुदारम् ॥
रमय मयासह मदनमनोरथभावितया सविकारम् ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ १

On my dear Sakhi, bring hither that destroyer of Kes'i (Kṛṣṇa) to sport with me that am deeply in a melting mood for amorous sports.

1. Stealing, at the dead of night, into the secret bower, casting my eyes timidly all round to see if He had arrived at the tryst, I was, on a prior occasion, surprised by Kṛṣṇa who had ensconced Himself in the dark recesses, whence emerging, He smiled significantly at me, maddening me* with that smile. Bring Him hither, to sport with me.

* This elaborate description of Rādhā's amorous sports with Kṛṣṇa could only refer to a *past experience*. Otherwise, i.e. if Rādhā's union with Kṛṣṇa is something which is *yet to take place*, as some think, she cannot be expected to give such a graphic picture of a union-to-be. Further, since Vaiṣṇavaite theloogy would have it that the amours of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are eternal (नित्यलीला), it would be more reasonable to construe this song as a reminiscence of a past amour, and not as what Rādhā looks forward to enjoy. A maid, totally inexperienced in *Ars Amatoria*, can hardly be expected to be so deeply conversant with the nuances

प्रथमसमागमलज्जितया पटुचाटुशतैरनुकूलम् ।
मृदुमधुरस्मितभाषितया शिथिलीकृतजघनदुकूलम् ॥ सखि ॥ २

2. As there I stood, overcome with bashfulness, awaiting, with maidenly trepidation, the bliss of the first union, how sweetly, with tenderness and cajolery, did He overcome my agitation! And when, regaining composure, I softly addressed Him with a sweet smile,—, how adroitly, how stealthily had that Ravisher disarrayed my silken garments! *

किसलयशयननिवेशितया चिरमुरसि ममैव शयानम् ।
कृतपरिरम्भणचुम्बनया परिरभ्य कृताधरपानम् ॥ सखि ॥ ३

3. As, in love's melting bliss, I lay on the tender couch of sprouts, long did He recline, pillowed on my bosom! And as thus He lay, how madly did I clasp Him, and drink deep of His nectar lips! And, as if not to be outdone by me, madly did He drink deep off my lips, gathering me to His bosom in a crushing embrace!

अलसनिमीलितलोचनया पुलकावलिललितकपोलम् ।
श्रमजलसकलकलेवरया वरमदनमदादतिलोलम् ॥ सखि ॥ ४

4. As, in the sweet lassitude that supervened amorous fatigue, I lay still with my eyes closed, and pearly

of the amatory art. Further, in पुनरपि मानो वामं कामं करोति, the पुनरपि—"Once again' naturally presupposes a prior-amour with Kṛṣṇa. Further, the poignancy of विप्रलम्भ शृंगार is certainly enhanced through a prior संभोग ।

* This rendering, which, the writer believes, is bold enough, is nothing beside शिथिलीकृतजघनदुकूलम् ! ! !

rivulets of sweat* bathed my limbs all over in the blissful tremulousness that accompanies love, how He looked on me, thrilled with excitement, His hairs standing on end, and His cheeks aglow with passionate ardour!

कोकिलकलरवकूजितया जितमनसिजतन्त्रविचारम् ।
श्लथकुसुमाकुलकुन्तलया नखलिखितघनस्तनभारम् ॥ सखि ॥ ५

5. And, steeped thus in bliss, as I lay cooing softly and indistinctly like a Kokila crooning in its nest, Kṛṣṇa, that Adept in amatory art, seized me madly by my locks, and showered hot kisses on my lips; and thus by Him dishevelled, my braid undone, my tresses strayed madly, and the flowers bedecking them were all scattered on the couch in admirable confusion! Frantically, deeply did He dent my heaving bosom with His nails in amorous frenzy.

चरणरणितमणिनूपुरया परिपूरितसुरतवितानम् ।
मुखरविश्रृङ्खलमेखलया सकचग्रहचुम्बनदानम् ॥ सखि ॥ ६

6. As, at the very height of the exciting sport, my anklets tinkled ceaselessly and melodiously, and as the bells in my girdle chattered, as it were, in sweet babel, till finally, unstrung, they raced away to all parts of the couch—how did He cull amorous sweets off me,† kissing me again, drawing me close to Him by my locks!

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* This rendering incorporates the sense of both the readings.

श्रमजलशकलकलेवरया and श्रमजलसकलकलेवरया । शकल means a droplet.

† A very bland way indeed of rendering

परिपूरितसुरतवितानम् ।

रतिसुखसमयरसालसया दरमुकुलितनयनसरोजम्।
निस्सहनिपतिततनुलतया मधुसूदनमुदितमनोजम् ॥ सखि ॥ ७

7. Overcome by a delicious faintness at the crowning moment of love's fulfilment, I fell limply on the couch, like a creeper. Blissful, I lay in an ineffably sweet langour. He, too, overcome by a similar lassitude, half closed His eyes, beautiful as half-oped lotus. And when again Madhusūdana contemplated my beauty, stretched there in sweet abandon, His passion again mounted to a frenzy. Bring hither, oh my Sakhi, That vanquisher of Kes'i, to sport thus deliciously again with me!

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमतिशयमधुरिपुनिधुवनशीलम् ।
सुखमुत्कंठितगोपवधूकथितं वितनोतु सलीलम ॥ सखि ॥ ८

8. By Jayadeva is composed this song that sets forth at length the amorous sports of Kṛṣṇa. May these utterances of Rādhā, longing madly for reunion with her beloved Kṛṣṇa, confer happiness on all who hear and sing this song!

श्लो ॥ हस्तस्रस्तविलासवंशमनृजुभ्रूवल्लिमद्बल्लवी
वृन्दोत्सारिदृगन्तवीक्षितमतिस्वेदार्द्रगण्डस्थलम् ।
मामुद्वीक्ष्य विलज्जितं स्मितसुधामुग्धाननं कानने
गोविन्दं व्रजसुन्दरीगणवृतं पश्यामि हृष्यामि च ॥ १६

16. There do I see Govinda, surrounded by the damsels of Vraja; and perfidious as He is, my heart leaps forth in joyous love towards Him. In the woods of Bṛndāvana stands He, beaming with bewitching smiles, sweet and

heady as nectar. Around Him throng the bevy of belles whose lovely brows are arched in artful coquetry. And when once I surprised Him amidst those amorous wantons, how guiltily did He glance askance at me, and, quite abashed, hastily dispersed His mistresses! How, in confusion, did the flute slip from His hands! How profusely were His cheeks bedewed with sweat on perceiving me!

श्लो ॥ दुरालोकस्तोकस्तबकनवकाशोकलतिका
विकासः कासारोपवनपवनोऽपि व्यथयति ।
अपि भ्राम्यद्भृङ्गीरणितरमणीया न मुकुळ-
प्रसूतिश्चूतानां सखि ! शिखरिणीयं सुखयति ॥ १७

17. These fresh and tender sprays of the lovely and young As'oka blight my eyes! The cool odoriferous breeze, from the expanse of water that adjoins the woodlands, afflicts me with excruciating agony. Nor again, sweet my friend, do these myriad buds of the Chūta that are besieged by the humming swarms of bees, atop the verdant Govardhana hill, add, in any way, to my happiness!

श्लो ॥ साकूतस्मितमाकुलाकुलगळद्धम्मिल्लमुल्लासित
भ्रूवल्लीकमळीकदर्शितभुजामूलोर्ध्वहस्तस्तनम् ।
गोपीनां निभृतं निरीक्ष्य गमिताकांक्षश्चिरं चिन्तय-
न्नन्तर्मुग्धमनोहरं हरतु वः क्लेशं नवः केशवः ॥ १८

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे अक्लेश केशवो नाम द्वितीयस्सर्गः ॥

18. May the youthful Kṛṣṇa dispel your cares;— Kṛṣṇa who, perceiving the significant smiles, the wildly

dishevelled braids and the arched eye-brows of the Gopis as they, under pretence of setting their braids aright, raised their arms and coquettishly afforded a glimpse of their bosoms, was reminded of his beloved Rādhā, and at once fell into a sweet reverie, dwelling on her charms.*

Thus ends the second canto entitled Akles'a Kes'ava. (The penitence of Kṛṣṇa).

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# CANTO III.

॥ तृतीयः सर्गः ॥

श्लो॥ कंसारिरपि संसारवासनाबन्धशृङ्खलाम् ।
राधामाधाय हृदये तत्याज व्रजसुन्दरीः ॥ १९

19. The foe of Kamsa (Kṛṣṇa) too, remembering Rādhā who was so passionately attached to Him, enshrined her in His heart, and abandoned the beautiful belles of Vraja.

श्लो॥ इतस्ततस्तामनुसृत्य राधिका-
मनङ्गबाणव्रणखिन्नमानसः ।
कृतानुतापस्स कलिन्दनन्दिनी
तटान्तपुञ्जे विषसाद माधवः ॥ २०

20. Wandering hither and thither in quest of her, and falling a prey to the fierce archery of Manmatha, Mādhava repented His callous neglect of His beloved and sought asylum in a bower adjoining the Kālindī. Woefully then did He His plight lament.

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* In this rendering, the reading दयिताकाङ्क्षिभिरं has been preferred to गमिताकाङ्क्षिभिरं ।

## SONG 7.

॥ घूर्जरीराग यतिताळाभ्यां ॥

मामियं चलिता विलोक्य वृतं वधूनिचयेन
सापराधतया मयाऽपि न वारिताऽतिभयेन
हरिहरि ! हतादरतया सा गता कुपितेव ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Usually rendered in *Bhauli rāga* and in *Triputa tāla*)

1. Alas, alas! Perceiving my perfidious amours, gone she is in high dudgeon. Gone she is, finding me surrounded by the bevy of wanton belles. Nor dared I restrain her, conscious full well that I was of my gross misdemeanour!

किं करिष्यति किं वदिष्यति सा चिरं विरहेण ।
किं धनेन जनेन किं मम जीवितेन गृहेण ॥ हरि–कुपितेव ॥ २

2. Cruelly abandoned by Me, who knows how she languishes in dire distraction? Who knows, how she bewails Her sad plight! With Rādhā in such dire anguish, what care I for wealth, for kin, aye, for life and for home?

चिन्तयामि तदाननं कुटिलभ्रु कोपभरेण ।
शोणपद्ममिवोपरिभ्रमताऽकुलं भ्रमरेण ॥ हरि–कुपितेव ॥ ३

3. Meseems, I see that lovely face, flushed with indignation, with brows knit in anger, lovely as the full-blown red lotus, with the black bees hovering over it.

तामहं हृदि सङ्गतामनिशं भृशं रमयामि ।
किं वनेऽनुसरामि तामिह किं वृथा विलपामि॥ हरि-कुपितेव ॥ ४

4. Now will I ample amends make. Now do I pledge Myself ever to please her whom I have enthroned in My heart! Wherefore, then, do I tarry here, where I find not my love, and wherefore do I weep out my heart in grief? Wherefore should I not seek for her in this grove?

तन्वि ! खिन्नमसूयया हृदयं तवाकलयामि ।
तन्न वेद्मि कुतो गताऽसि नतेन तेऽनुनयामि ॥ हरि-कुपितेव ॥ ५

5. Oh thou beautiful one! I know full well how bitterly hath thy heart been cankered by jealousy! Whither thou hast repaired in chagrin, I know not! I will follow thy foot steps, whithersoever thou hast wended, and seek thy forgiveness on bended knees.

दृश्यसे पुरतो गतागतमेव मे विदधासि ।
किं पुरेव ससम्भ्रमं परिरम्भणं न ददासि॥ हरि-कुपितेव ॥ ६

6. Now I seem to see thee here, but alas, the next moment I see thee not. Thou seemest to play at hide-and-seek with me. Wherefore dost thou not, as of yore, passionately gather me in thy arms in a close embrace?

क्षम्यतामपरं कदापि तवेदृशं न करोमि ।
देहि सुंदरि ! दर्शनं मम मन्मथेन दुनोमि ॥ हरि-कुपितेव ॥ ७

7. Bear with me, oh thou beautiful one! Never again will I offend thee as now I have offended. Deign but to show unto me thy lovely countenance! Pity me that am sadly assailed by Manmatha.

वर्णितं जयदेवकेन हरेरिदं प्रवणेन ।
किंदुकबिल्वसमुद्रसंभवरोहिणीरमणेन ॥ हरि-कुपितेव ॥ ८

8. By Jayadeva, in obeisance of Hari, is described this lament of Kṛṣṇa; by Jayadeva who delights Kindubilva, his birth-place, even as the moon, born of the ocean, delights it with his argent rays.

श्लो॥ हृदि बिसलताहारो नायं भुजङ्गमनायकः
कुवलयदळश्रेणी कण्ठे न सा गरळद्युतिः ।
मलयजरजो नेदं भस्म प्रियारहिते मयि
प्रहरसि हरभ्रांत्या ऽनङ्ग ! क्रुधा किमु धावसि ? ॥ २१

21. This, adorning My bosom, is a wreath of soft lotus filaments, laid thereon to alleviate love's scorching fever;—not the coiling serpent. Here, encircling my neck, is the wreath of Kuvalayas,—not the dark-blue glint of the baneful Hālāhala. These, my limbs, are besmeared with the cooling sandal paste—not with ashes. Oh Manmatha, batter me not under the mistake that I am thy inveterate foe Hara! Wherefore dost thou pounce upon me with such ferocity?

श्लो॥ पाणौ माकुरुचूतसायकममुंमाचापमारोपय
क्रीडानिर्जितविश्व ! मूर्छितजनाघातेन किं पौरुषम् ?
तस्या एव मृगीदृशो मनसिज प्रेङ्खत्कटाक्षाशुग
श्रेणीजर्जरितं मनागपि मनो नाद्यापि सन्धुक्षते ॥ २२

22. Raise not thy bow of Chūta blossoms against me, nor set thy flowery darts therein, aiming them at me! Oh

Manmatha, that vanquishest all the worlds through sheer sport, is it valour to assuait those that are already enfeebled and nearly dead? My heart, shattered and crazed by those askant looks of that doe-eyed darling, is already more dead than alive, and knows no peace!

श्लो॥ भ्रूपल्लवं धनुरपाङ्गतरङ्गितानि
बाणा गुणश्रवणपालिरिति स्मरेण ।
तस्यामनङ्गजयजङ्गमदेवताया-
मस्त्राणि निर्जितजगन्ति किमर्पितानि ? ॥ २३

23. Meseems, Rādhā is the very armoury of Madana, wherein are piled those shafts which enslave the worlds! And she herself is the generalissimo of Manmatha commissioned to compaign the world over, conquering on his behalf. That lovely well-arched brow is the powerful bow; those side-long glances are the deadly shafts, and the tip of the ear, whereto the eyes extend, is the terrible bow-string. With these deadly armaments did Madana triumph over the worlds, and then, having established his empire, he, as it were, restored them to her.

श्लो॥ भ्रूचापे निहितः कटाक्षविशिखो निर्मातु मर्मव्यथां
श्यामात्मा कुटिलः करोतु कवरीभारोऽपिमारोद्यमम् ।
मोहन्तावदयञ्च तन्वि ! तनुतां विम्बाधरो रागवान्
सद्वृत्तः स्तनमण्डलस्तव कथं प्राणैर्ममक्रीडति ॥ २४

24. Oh thou my beauteous darling! let those dart-like glances of thine eyes, discharged from the bow of thy arched brows, wreak their cruelty on Me, and torment

My vitals. Let thy ebon braid of curly tresses accomplish its murderous purposes on me! Let, again, those luscious lips, ruddy as the bimba fruit engender stark delirium in me. But, darling, how could that gently swelling bosom play cruelly and callously with my very life?*

श्लो॥ तानि स्पर्शसुखानि तेच तरळाः स्निग्धा दृशो विभ्रमाः
तद्वक्त्राम्बुजसौरभं स च सुधास्यन्दी गिरां वक्रिमा।
सा बिम्बाधरमाधुरीति विषयासङ्गेऽपि चेन्मानसं
तस्यां लग्नसमाधि हन्त! विरहव्याधिः कथं वर्धते?॥ २५

25. How strange! My being stands steeped in the contemplation of her charms, as in Samādhi (trance).

* There is punning on the words कुटिलः, रागवान्, and सद्वृत्तः in this verse. श्यामात्मा and कुटिलः mean black and curly, applied to the locks of hair., but as applied to an individual, they indicate blackness of heart and a perversity, a sadistic cruelty, as it were. So too, रागवत्वं as applied to the lips, means redness; but applied to an individual, it stands for a blood-thirstiness, a ferocity of nature. सद्वृत्तत्वं, as applied to the bosom, stands for rotundity; but, applied to an individual, stands for decorum, good breeding, gentility. The idea of the passage is this:—it is not surpising if the black and and curly locks should play havoc with me, since nothing better could be expected from the black-hearted and the perverse. Nor could any kindness be expected of the ruddy lips, since blood-thirsty individuals could hardly be expected to be merciful. But, that the gentle breasts should trifle with my life is the most unkindest cut of all—since the gentle souls could never be cruel!

This śloka is a superb instance of विरोधालङ्कार।

In rapture do I feel those thrilling caresses! I perceive those languishing, melting looks; I inhale the maddening aroma of the perfumed breath that emanates from her lovely face, beautiful as a lotus in bloom; I drink in with my ears the dulcet, nectar-sweet music of her speech. I taste the deliciousness of those luscious lips, moist and red like bimba fruits. How, despite such acute experience of such delights, could the anguish of my distraction grow thousand-fold?

श्लो॥ तिर्यक्कण्ठविलोलमौळितरळोत्तंसस्य वंशोच्चर-
द्गीतिस्थानकृतावधानललनालक्षैर्न संलक्षिताः ।
सम्मुग्धेमधुसूदनस्य मधुरे राधामुखेन्दौ सुधा-
सारे कन्दळिताश्चिरं ददतु नः क्षेमं कटाक्षोर्मयः ॥ २६

इति श्री जयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे मुग्धमधुसूदनो नाम तृतीयस्सर्गः ॥

26. May those streams of bewitching glances, emanating from the eyes of Madhusūdana ensure your prosperity;—those looks that received wondrous animation through drinking in the nectar-like sweetness of the beauty of Rādhā's face, beautiful as the full-moon, as, playing shrilly and enthrallingly on His flute, He plunged the myriads of cow-herdesses in a trance, wherein they could not detect the significant exchange of glances between the two, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa; those glances that sparkled forth from the corners of His eye as He stood playing on the flute, with His head gracefully inclined, whilst His crest and pendents nodded gently in admirable accord.

Thus ends the third canto of the Gita Govinda Kāvya entitled Mugdha Madhasūdana (Kṛṣṇa troubled.)

# CANTO IV.

॥ चतुर्थः सर्गः ॥

श्लो॥ यमुनातीरवानीरनिकुञ्जे मन्दमास्थितम् ।
प्राह प्रेमभरोद्भ्रान्तं माधवं राधिकासखी ॥ २७

27. Dull, pensive, distraught with the agony of His separation from Rādhā, Mādhava grieved away in His Nikuñja (bower) of Vānīra creepers, on the banks of Yamunā. Him Rādhā's Sakhī approached and said: —

## SONG 8.

(Rendered in Saurāṣtra rāga and Ādi Tāla. Some render it in Kānaḍa too)

॥ कर्णाटकरागेण ताळीताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

निन्दति चन्दनमिन्दुकिरणमनु विन्दति खेदमधीरं ।
व्याळनिलयमिळनेन गरळमिव कलयति मलयसमीरम् ॥
माधव मनसिजविशिखभयादिव भावनया त्वयि लीना ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना । ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

1. Crossed in hopeless love for Thee, Rādhā pines helplessly away. So intense is her love for Thee that she has, in terror of the ceaseless archery of Manmatha, sought refuge in Thee, and merged her being entirely in Thine.

So distraught is she in her love for Thee that she abhors the fragrant, cool sandal, and the cool rays of the moon; aye, avoids them lest they should fan her smouldering passion to a fierce conflagration. She sinks deeper and deeper in despair. She winces at the very touch

of the odoriferous southern breeze, blowing from the Malaya hills, as if it were envenomed by the baneful breath of the serpents that dwell among those mountains.

अविरलनिपतितमदनशरादिव भवदवनाय विशालम् ।
स्वहृदयमर्मणि वर्म करोति सजलनलिनीदलजालम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ २

2. On her broad bosom she lays moist and tender lotus leaves, as if armouring herself invulnerably against the ceaseless archery of Madana, not so much to shield herself as to shield Thee that art enthroned in her heart.

कुसुमविशिखशरतल्पमनल्पविलासकलाकमनीयम् ।
व्रतमिव तव परिरम्भसुखाय करोति कुसुमशयनीयम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ३

3. She lies in anguish, on a couch of flowers, so eminently suited for amorous sports, like one doing penance on a bed of arrows. Through such austerities she hopes to secure the bliss of being gathered in Thy embrace!

वहति च वलितविलोचनजलधरमाननकमलमुदारम् ।
विधुमिव विकटविधुन्तुददन्तदलनगलितामृतधारम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ४

4. Awaiting Thy approach, she eagerly casts her tearful eyes all round, like racks of raining clouds drifting here and there; and her pale wan face, otherwise so lovely, is like the lunar orb in eclipse, whereon the

daemon Rāhu has fixed his cruel fangs. And like the streams of nectar that flow from the moon when dented by the fangs of Rāhu, rivulets of tears course down her pallid cheeks.

विलिखति रहसि कुरङ्गमदेन भवन्तमसमशरभूतम् ।
प्रणमति मकरमधो विनिधाय करे च शरं नवचूतम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ५

5. In secret, she limns Thy likeness in musk—Thee that art verily like unto Manmatha in bewitching beauty. In Thy hands she places the shafts of the tender Chūta sprouts. And beneath Thy likeness thus portrayed in the guise of Kāma, she limns the shark, and devoutly then doth she worship Thy likeness*

ध्यानलयेन पुरः परिकल्प्य भवन्तमतीव दुरापम ।
विलपति हसति विषीदति रोदिति चञ्चति मुञ्चति तापम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ६

6. Through intense mental absorption in Thy being, she conjures up Thy Form before her—Thee that art so inaccessible to her! Wrapped up in Thy vision, she chides, she laughs, she despairs, she weeps, she paces restlessly and derives consolation in imaginary union with Thee!—So deeply distraught indeed is she!

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* Manmatha, in poetic convention, is often represented as being armed either with the Chūta sprouts or the five kinds of flowers for shafts, and as having the Makara for his vehicle.

प्रतिपदमिदमपि निगदति माधव ! तव चरणे पतिताऽहं ।
त्वयि विमुखे मयि सपदि सुधानिधिरपि तनुते तनुदाहम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ७

7. Pacing restlessly in her agony, she mutters at every step—"Oh Mādhava, I resort to Thy feet as my sole refuge! At Thy feet have I cast myself. Shouldst Thou turn away Thy face from me now, and abandon me, even the cool moon cruelly engenders a scorching fever in me! Cast me not away" *

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमधिकं यदि मनसा नटनीयम् ।
हरिविरहाकुलवल्लवयुवतिसखीवचनं पठनीयम् ॥
सा विरहे तव दीना ॥ ८

8. Deeply should this song of Jayadeva be relished. † Herein may be studied the words recounted by the Sakhī,

* S'ankara Miśra in his Rasamanjarī has something very ingenious to say with regard to the appropriateness of the word Mādhava in the context. Mādhava is मायाः लक्ष्म्याः धवः स्वामी ।—the consort of Lakṣmī. Both Chandra and Lakṣmī were born of the Ocean. It is but proper that Chandra should entertain a solicitude for his sister Lakshmī. So long as Kṛṣṇa should reciprocate Rādhā's love, and is with her, Chandra can do nothing to her. But when He should neglect her, Chandra avails himself of this opportunity to vent his spite, on his sister's behalf, by tormenting Lakṣmī's rival, Rādhā!

Surely, a happy stroke of ingenuity; but withal, a little strained!

† अथवा नटनीयमित्यास्वादनीयम् । रसनीयमिति यावत् ।
—Rasikapriya.

descriptive of all the transports of grief that Rādhā experienced in her longing for Kṛṣṇa.

श्लो॥ आवासो विपिनायते प्रियसखीमालाऽपि जालायते
तापोऽपि श्वसितेन दावदहनज्वालाकलापायते।
साऽपि त्वद्विरहेण हन्त! हरिणीरूपायते हा! कथं
कन्दर्पोऽपि यमायते विरचयन् शार्दूलविक्रीडितम् ॥२८

28. Alas, what dire misfortune ! Her very abode is turned into a tangled forest. Her bevy of solicitous companions forms a veritable net that strangles her ever closer. And her long, deep sighs fan her grief, which blazes forth into a fierce conflagration ! Rādhā herself, in her unrequited love, is turned into a hapless doe. And oh, the pity of it ! Manmatha, like the Destroyer incarnate, becomes the very tiger who pounces with ferocity upon his prey !

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## SONG 9.

॥ देशाख्यरागैकताळाभ्यां गीयते॥

स्तनविनिहितमपि हारमुदारं सा मनुते कृशतनुरिव भारम्।
राधिका तव विरहे केशव! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Bilahari rāga* and *Triputa Tāla*).

1. So deeply distraught is Rādhā, Oh Kṛṣṇa ! So enfeebled is she with her sufferings that it seems as if her slender waist would snap beneath the load of the flowery wreath adorning her bosom !

सरसमसृणमपि मलयजपङ्कं पश्यति विषमिव वपुषि सशङ्कम् ।
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ २

2. She dreads, as if it were bane, the cool, unctuous balmy sandal laid all over her fevered limbs.

श्वसितपवनमनुपमपरिणाहं मदनदहनमिव वहति सदाहम् ।
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ३

3. She regards her long and deep sighs as the flames with which Madana sears her; and helplessly she endures the torture!

दिशि दिशि किरति सजलकणजालम् ।
नयननलिनमिव विगलितनालम् ॥
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ४

4. Expectantly she turns her tearful eyes all round—those eyes that look like the water-lily, whose cup is filled with dew drops—like a hapless lily with its chord cruelly sundered!

नयनविषयमपि किसलयतल्पम् ।
कलयति विहितहुताशनकल्पम् ॥
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ५

5. Though full well she does perceive, with her very eyes, her couch of tender sprouts, she is deluded enough to regard it is a veritable bed of flames!

त्यजति न पाणितलेन कपोलम् ।
बालशशिनमिव सायमलोलम् ॥
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ६

6. In anguish she buries her cheeks in the palms of her hands. Her despair deepens as evening draws apace. Wan her countenance looks, pallid as the infant crescent!

हरिरिति हरिरिति जपति सकामम् ।
विरहविहितमरणेव निकामम् ॥
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ७

7. Feeling her end drawing nearer, and her strength succumbing to the protracted torment of love's scorching fever, intently and fervidly does she chant "Hari, Hari", hoping that her dying wish to attain Thee would be fulfilled at least in the life to come.

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिति गीतम् ।
सुखयतु केशवपदमुपनीतम ॥
राधिका ... ... ... केशव ॥ ८

8. May this song, composed by Jayadeva, confer happiness on all by leading them finally to the feet of Kes'ava!

श्लो॥ सा रोमाञ्चति सीत्करोति विलपत्युत्कम्पते ताम्यति
ध्यायत्युद्भ्रमति प्रमीलति पतत्युद्यातिमूर्च्छत्यपि ।
[1]एतावत्यतनुज्वरे वरतनुर्जीवेन्न किं ते रसात्
स्वर्वैद्यप्रतिम ! प्रसीदसि यदि त्यक्तोऽ[2]न्यथाहस्तकः ॥२९

29. Her hairs stand on end:—sharply, in anguish, does she draw in her breath; incoherently does she rave about

1. एतादृश्यतनु. 2. अन्यथाऽप्यन्तकः ॥

Thee; she does shudder in poignant pain; she faints away in sheer exhaustion; she dotes again longingly on Thy Form; restlessly does she pace hither and thither; in fond remembrance does she close her eyes, and bethink of Thee; overcome at last, helplessly does she sink down; with a supreme effort does she rise again, believing Thou art come; then finally overwhelmed, she does faint away! Shouldst, however, Thou deign to take compassion on her who is thus demented with the stark delirium of love, Oh Thou, the compeer of the celestial physicians (the As'wini devatas), shouldst Thou but pity her plight, then perchance might she live! Shouldst Thou, however, abandon her, then shalt Thou be the very destroyer! Then woudst Thou be the very purveyor of Death!

श्लो ॥ स्मरातुरां दैवतवैद्यहृद्य !
त्वदङ्गसङ्गामृतमात्रसाध्याम् ।
विमुक्तबाधां कुरुषे न राधां
उपेन्द्र ! वज्राधिकदारुणोऽसि ॥ ३०

30. Oh Thou, beautiful and expert like the As'wins! shouldst Thou not care to palliate the agony that she suffers from, through the medicament of Thy reviving caresses, and shouldst Thou not cure Rādhā of her malady, Thy heart, Oh Upendra, should indeed be harder than even adamant!

श्लो ॥ कन्दर्पज्वरसं[1]ज्वराकुलतनोराश्चर्यमस्याश्चिरं
चेतश्चन्दनचन्द्रमः कमलिनीचिन्तासु सन्ताम्यति ।

1. ज्वरातुरतनो.

[1]किन्तु क्लान्तिवशेन शीतलतरं त्वामेकमेव क्षणं
ध्यायन्ती रहसि स्थिता कथमपि क्षीणा क्षणं प्राणिति ॥ ३१

31. In the very height of love's scorching fever, she abhors, strangely enough, the cooling unctuous sandal, the cool rays of the moon and the cool breeze from the lotus pond, wafting the odours from the neighbouring flowery thickets; her agony is indeed aggravated thousandfold by these cooling medicaments. More strangely still, in the secret recesses of her heart, she fondly dotes on the cool delight that thy limbs alone can engender through soft caresses; and thus nourishing herself with the feeble hope of clasping Thy Form again to her bosom, she clings, though for a moment only, fast to life!

श्लो ॥ क्षणमपि विरहः पुरा न सेहे
नयननिमीलितखिन्नया यया ते ।
श्वसिति कथमसौ रसालशाखां
चिरविरहेण विलोक्य पुष्पिताग्राम् ? ॥ ३२

32. How could she, who, of yore, could hardly brook separation from Thee for even a twinkling of the eye,—how could she survive this long separation from Thee, contemplating the maddening beauties of the spring revealed in the wealth of blossoms crowning the branches of the Rasāla trees?

श्लो ॥ वृष्टिव्याकुलगोकुला[2]वनरसादुद्धृत्य गोवर्धनं
बिभ्रद्वल्लववल्लभाभिरधिकानन्दाच्चिरं चुम्बितः ।

1. किन्तूत्क्लान्तिवशेन. 2. वनवशा.

दर्पेणैव तदर्पिताधरतटीसिन्दूरमुद्राङ्कितो
बाहुर्गोपतनोस्तनोतु भवतां श्रेयांसि कंसद्विषः ॥३३

इति श्री जयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे स्निग्धमधुसूदनोनाम चतुर्थस्सर्गः ॥

33. May that foe of Kamsa (Kṛṣṇa), masquerading in the guise of a cowherd, confer all weal on ye—that little Gopa, who, swayed by compassion, raised aloft the Govardhana to ward off the downpour that threatened to deluge Gokula, and whose upraised arms swelled up in pride, as it were, with those red imprints with which the myriad *gopis* incarnadined them as they, in the very height of their jubilance, kissed Him with ardour.

Thus ends the fourth canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya, entitled "Snigdha Madhusūdana" (Kṛṣṇa cheered).

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# CANTO V.

॥ पञ्चमः सर्गः ॥

श्लो॥ अहमिह निवसामि याहि राधां
अनुनय मद्वचनेन चानयेथाः ।
इति मधुरिपुणा सखी नियुक्ता
स्वयमिदमेत्य पुनर्जगाद राधाम् ॥ ३४

34. "Here will I tarry; hie then unto Rādhā, and with this message from me, console her and lead her hither"—so did the foe of Madhu (Kṛṣṇa) enjoin Rādhā's Sakhī. And thus enjoined, she returned to Rādhā, addressed her and said :—

## SONG X.

(Rendered in *Ānandabhairavī rāga* and *Ādi tāla*,

॥ देशवरालिरागेण रूपकताळेन गीयते ॥

वहति मलयसमीरे मदनमुपनिधाय ।
स्फुटति कुसुमनिकरे विरहिहृदयदळनाय ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

1. "Oh my friend, Rādhā, separated from thee, sadly, sadly doth Vanamāli (Kṛṣṇa) languish!

Sadly He pines as the cool breeze of Malaya blows wafting, as it were, love on its wings; as, again, the myriad flowers blossom forth in luxuriance, shattering the hearts of the love-born with their beauty and aroma.

दहति शिशिरमयूखे मरणमनुकरोति ।
पतति मदनविशिखे विलपति विकलतरोऽति ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखी ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ २

2. As the cool rays of the moon flood the woods, He feels Himself scorched by flames, and nearly dies in agony. As the shafts of Madana batter Him ceaselessly, He raves like one crazed, and loses Himself in despair.

ध्वनति मधुपसमूहे श्रवणमपिदधाति ।
मनसि चलितविरहे निशिनिशि रुजमुपयाति ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ ३

3. Maddened by the deafening hum of the swarms of honey-bees, He stops His ears in anguish and as, night

after night, His passion mounts to fever pitch, He undergoes infernal torments.

वसति विपिनविताने त्यजति ललितधाम ।
लुठति धरणिशयने बहुविलपति तव नाम ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ ४

4. Abandoning His delightful bower, He abides disconsolate in the wild and tangled wastes of the forest! In despair He wallows in the dust, and invokes thy sweet name ever and anon!

रणति पिकसमवाये प्रतिदिशमनुयाति ।
हसति मनुजनिचये विरहमपलपति नेति ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ ५.

5. Oh Rādhā, while the Kokilas warble with maddening sweetness, He flees hither and thither like one demented! And as, while thus, without any apparent reason, He runs here and there, people laugh at His craziness, He hides His confusion by denying being crazy with love!

स्फुरति कलरवरावे स्मरति मणितमेव ।
तव रतिसुखविभवे गणयति सुगुणमतीव ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि ! सीदति, राधे ! ॥ ६

6. And while He listens to the crooning of the cuckoos, He is reminded of those inarticulate cooings that thou didst softly utter in the course of amorous sports with Him. Nor is that all. Deeply does He ruminate

on those delicious details of those dalliances that once He with thee enjoyed, and which he fondly hankers for.

त्वदभिधशुभदमासं वदति नरि श्रृणोति ।
तमपि जपति सरसं युवतिषु न रतिमुपैति ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि! सीदति, राधे! ॥ ७

7. Should, perchance, some one casually mention the name Rādhā*—not with reference to thee, but to the month Vais'ākha,—eagerly He listens to that talk, and wistfully looks forward to those thrilling delights to be shared with thee on the moon-lit night of Rādha (the month Vais'ākha.)*

भणति कविजयदेवे विरहविलसितेन।
मनसि रभसविभवे हरिरुदयतु सुकृतेन ।
तव विरहे वनमाली सखि! सीदति, राधे! ॥ ८

8. May this song of Jayadeva, descriptive of the distraction of S'rī Kṛṣṇa, engender, in the hearts of those that sing and hear, a lasting delight in the sports of Kṛṣṇa, and thereby conduce to the manifestation of Hari in their hearts!

श्लो॥ पूर्वं यत्र समं त्वया रतिपतेरासादितास्सिद्धयः
तस्मिन्नेव निकुञ्जमन्मथमहातीर्थे पुनर्माधवः ।

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* Rādhā stands for the heroine of this Kāvya and Rādha to the month Vaiśākha, (वैशाख), particularly. to the full-moon day of Vaiśākha. From the Nighaṇṭu "वैशाखे माधवो राध:". राध stands for the month.

ध्यायंस्त्वामनिशं जपन्नपि तवैवालापमन्त्रावलीं
भूयस्त्वत्कुचकुम्भनिर्भरपरीरम्भामृतं वाञ्छति ॥ ३५

35. Where, of yore, with thee He worshipped Manmatha and secured his graces, there, in that self-same sanctum of Love, the Nikuñja, awaits Mādhava, His heart and soul set on thee for ever, ceaselessly chanting, like a votary, the potent spell of thy sweet name! In reward of such austerities, He eagerly looks forward again to the supreme bliss of straining thee to His bosom in close embrace.*

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## SONG XI.

॥ घूर्जरीरागेण एकतालेन गीयते ॥

रतिसुखसारे गतमभिसारे मदनमनोहरवेषम् ।
न कुरु नितम्बिनि ! गमनविलम्बनमनुसर तं हृदयेशम् ।
धीरसमीरे यमुनातीरे वसति वने वनमाली ।
गोपीपीनपयोधर[1]मर्दनचञ्चलकरयुगशाली ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Kedāra gaula Rāga* and *Ādi tāla*)

There He awaits at the tryst most eminently suited for amorous sports—a spot that could fascinate with its loveliness even the heart of Madana. Delay not, then, but follow him whom thy heart seeks!

---

* A comparatively harmless rendering of
भूयस्त्वत्कुचकुम्भनिर्भरपरीरम्भामृतं वाञ्छति ।

1. In that part of the Bṛndāvana, adjoining the Yamunā, where gently blows the cool balmy breeze, abides Vanamālī. Impatiently doth He await thee, His fingers impatient to caress thee,—those fingers that once toyed wantonly with the youthful charms of the gopis.*

नामसमेतं कृतसङ्केतं वादयते मृदुवेणुम् ।
बहु मनुते ऽतनु ते तनुसङ्गतपवनचलितमपि रेणुम् ।।
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली ।। २

2. Softly does He warble on His flute, blending thy sweet name with the melodies, beckoning to thee, through the ravishing strains, to hasten and join Him at the tryst. How much indeed does He prize even that speck of dust, wafted on to Him on the wings of the breeze,—the speck that hath but once touched thy lovely limbs! How passionately doth He treasure it up! †

पतति पतत्रे विचलति पत्रे शङ्कितभवदुपयानम् ।
रचयति शयनं सचकितनयनं पश्यति तव पन्थानम् ।।
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली ।। ३

3. He starts, with eager attentiveness, as the feather of a bird flutters to the ground, or a leaf falls rustling in

* The least offensive way of rendering
गोपीपीनपयोधरमर्दनचञ्चलकरयुगशाली ।

† The reading बहुमनुते ननुते तनुसङ्गत etc has been preferred to बहुमनुतेऽतनु ते तनुसङ्गत etc, ननु being a form of address नन्विति सम्बोधने ।

its descent, and scans restlessly with His eyes all around, particularly in that direction whence thou wouldst approach Him; and, thinking thee arrived, He prepares the floral couch.

मुखरमधीरं त्यज मञ्जीरं रिपुमिव केलिषु लोलम्।
चल सखि! कुञ्जं सतिमिरपुञ्जं शीलय नीलनिचोलम्॥
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली॥ ४

4. Set aside these, thy tell-tale anklets that chirp a little too loudly as they tinkle restlessly in the course of thy dalliance. These would, like thy calumniators, proclaim aloud, for all the world to hear, thy secret amours! Don thou the sable mantle and steal into the darkness of Kṛṣṇa's bower (Nikuñja) with hurried steps!

उरसि मुरारेरुपहितहारे घन इव तरलबलाके।
तटिदिव पीते! रतिविपरीते राजसि सुकृतविपाके॥
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली॥ ५

5. Soon shalt thou recline like unto a golden streak of lightning, on the bosom of Murāri, dark as the rain-clouds; the wreath of white flowers that undulates restlessly on His bosom looks like a flock of cranes in erratic flight athwart the bosom of the darkening clouds! Soon shalt thou there recline, on that bosom, in reward of all thy accumulated store of virtues.*

* रतिविपरीते has of course been left out—for obvious reasons.

विगलितवसनं परिहृतरसनं घटय जघनमपिधानम् ।
किसलयशयने पङ्कजनयने ! निधिमिव हर्षनिदानम् ॥
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली ॥ ६

6. Shed thy silken raiments; unclasp thy girdle of tinkling bells. And there, on the couch of tender shoots, discover unto Him, whose eyes gaze in rapture on thee like full-blown lotuses, thy treasured-up charms, and raise Him to the seventh heaven of bliss!*

हरिरभिमानी रजनिरिदानीमियमपि याति विरामम् ।
कुरु मम वचनं सत्वररचनं पूरय मधुरिपुकामम् ॥
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली ॥ ७

7. Do thou as I counsel thee to do. Now it is night; but soon will it run out. Hasten then; Hari too is amorously disposed. Fulfil, then, the longings of Madhuripu.

श्रीजयदेवे कृतहरिसेवे भणति परमरमणीयम् ।
प्रमुदितहृदयं हरिमतिसदयं नमत सुकृतकमनीयम् ॥
धीरसमीरे ... ... युगशाली ॥ ८

8. Whilst thus doth Jayadeva, devoted to the service of Hari, sing this enchanting song, worship ye, Oh Bhaktas, the most merciful Hari, whose heart is ever blissful and in whom all virtues find their final fruition.

श्लो॥ विकिरति मुहुः श्वासान्दिशः पुरो मुहुरीक्षते
प्रविशति मुहुः कुञ्जं गुञ्जन् मुहुर्बहुताम्यति ।

* So also. घटय जघनं has been left untranslated.

रचयति मुहुश्शय्यां पर्याकुलं मुहुरीक्षते
मदनकदनक्लान्तः कान्ते ! प्रियस्तव वर्तते ॥ ३६

36. Oh thou amorous Rādhā, thy beloved Kṛṣṇa, afflicted by the pangs of love, sighs again and again, wearily, deeply and hotly; again and again, standing at the entrance to His Nikūnja, does He scan all directions for some sign of thy approach. He enters the Nikuñja wondering if, perchance, thou hast stolen into the bower unseen, whilst He awaited thee without. In despair does He moan low; persuaded that surely thou wouldst come, He prepares the couch again with greater nicety. Much perturbed at thy delay, again does He despairingly scan the quarters! Helplessly indeed doth Kṛṣṇa pine for thee!

श्लो॥ त्वद्वाम्येन समं समग्रमधुना तिग्मांशुरस्तं गतो
गोविन्दस्य मनोरथेन च समं प्राप्तं तमस्सान्द्रताम् ।
कोकानां करुण[1]स्वरेण सदृशी दीर्घा मदभ्यर्थना
तन्मुग्धे ! विफलं विलम्बनमसौ रम्योऽभिसारक्षणः ॥३७

37. Now indeed is thy perversity* relenting, even as the resplendent sun is setting fast. The longings of Govinda grow more and more profound, even as the gathering murkiness of the night does. Long have I entreated thee, as tenderly as the *Chakravākas* that croon

1. स्वनेन ॥

* The reading त्वद्वाम्येन has been adopted in preference to त्वद्वाम्पेण or त्वद्वाक्येन ।

softly. Oh thou tardy one! this delay is useless! The moment to repair to the tryst hath arrived!—and propitious is the moment!

श्लो॥ आश्लेषादनु चुम्बनादनु नखोल्लेखादनु स्वान्तज-
प्रोद्बोधादनु सम्भ्रमादनु रतारम्भादनुप्रीतयोः।
अन्यार्थं गतयोर्भ्रमान्मिळितयोस्सम्भाषणैर्जानतोः
दम्पत्योरिह को न को न तमसि व्रीडाविमिश्रो रसः॥३८

38. In such a darkness as this, intense and almost palpable, what delirious delight, deliciously blended with guilty bashfulness, doth await those couples who, in mutual infidelity, bent on clandestine amours, grope their way through the gloom, and, having fortuitously come together, rush into each others' arms, kiss each other tenderly, dent each other's limbs in amorous jocularity, and, with their passion roused, embark upon amatory dalliances; and then, too late, realise that they have blundered into the arms of their own wedded partners, instead of the paramours they sought!

श्लो॥ सभयचकितं विन्यस्यन्तीं दृशौ तिमिरे पथि
प्रतितरु मुहुः स्थित्वा मन्दं पदानि वितन्वतीम्।
कथमपि रहः प्राप्तामङ्गैरनङ्गतरङ्गिभिः
सुमुखि! सुभगः पश्यन् स त्वामुपैतु कृतार्थताम्॥ ३९

39. Let Kṛṣṇa consider Himself thrice blest, Oh beauteous one! perceiving thee, in the inky darkness of the

night, cast thy eyes timidly all round to see if thy stealthy movements are observed! Let Him delight watching thee stepping softly with languorous gait, tarrying for a while beneath each tree to scan in the darkness to see if perchance Kṛṣṇa is there ensconced, and then arriving, with a fluttering heart, at the tryst, with thy form all a-thrill with the expectation of the bliss to be enjoyed in His arms!

श्लो ॥ राधामुग्धमुखारविन्दमधुपस्त्रैलोक्यमौळिस्थली
नेपथ्योचितनीलरत्नमवनीभारावतारान्तकः[1] ।
स्वच्छन्दं व्रजसुन्दरीजनमनस्तोषप्रदोषोदयः
कंसध्वंसनधूमकेतुरवतु त्वां देवकीनन्दनः ॥ ४०

इति श्री जयदेवविरचिते गीतगोविन्देऽभिसारिकावर्णने
साकांक्षपुण्डरीकाक्षो नाम पञ्चमस्सर्गः ॥

40. May that darling of Devakī (Kṛṣṇa) protect thee—Kṛṣṇa, who, like a honey-bee, culls the sweetness off the face of Rādhā, lovely as a full-blown lotus, and aglow with passion; Kṛṣṇa that sapphire gem of unparallelled splendour adorning, like a crest jewel, all that is supremely excellent in this world; Kṛṣṇa who is the very Death incarnate unto those wicked souls who overrun the earth to compass her misery; Kṛṣṇa who, at His will, conjured up the pleasant nightfall to sport with the wanton beauties of Vraja, much to their delight*; Kṛṣṇa

1 तारक्षमः ॥

* स्वच्छन्दप्रदोषोदय इति यदा यदा प्रदोषोदयं वाञ्छति तदा तदा स एवेति ।—Rasikapriyā

that lurid Comet, who through His very advent, augured the perdition of Kamsa!

Thus ends the fifth canto of the Gita Govinda Kāvyā, entitled Sākāmkṣa Puṇḍarīkākṣa (the longings of Kṛṣṇa).

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# CANTO VI.

॥ षष्ठः सर्गः ॥

श्लो॥ अथ तां गन्तुमशक्तां चिरमनुरक्तां लतागृहे दृष्ट्वा ।
तच्चरितं गोविन्दे मनसिजमन्दे सखी प्राह ॥ ४१

41. And then, perceiving Rādhā too enfeebled to stir out of the bower where she abode, and perceiving again that her heart was set intently on Kṛṣṇa, the Sakhī returned to Govinda, and unto Him, moping in silent grief, she recounted Rādhā's dire plight.

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## SONG 12.

॥ गुणकरीरागेण रूपकताळेन गीयते ॥

पश्यति दिशिदिशि रहसि भवन्तं
*त्वदधरमधुरमधूनि पिबन्तम् ।
नाथ ! हरे ! जगन्नाथ ! हरे !
सीदति राधाऽऽवासगृहे ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

*(Rendered in S'ankarābharaṇa rāga [and Tripuṭa Tāla)*

1. Oh Lord, at the tryst of her choice, sadly, sadly does Rādhā pine away!

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* तदधर·

So demented is she that in the secret recesses of her leafy boudoir she perceives Thee, before her mind's eye, everywhere, in every direction, and fancies Thee gathering the sweets off her lips.*

त्वदभिसरणरभसेन वलन्ती ।
पतति पदानि कियन्ति चलन्ती ॥ नाथ ! — गृहे ॥ २

* This is the utmost that could be made out of the passage. The root दृश् is generally and primarily, used in the sense of direct ocular perception; but here it has to be taken in its secondary sense, viz., as mental perception. Otherwise, the finite verb (पश्यति sees) in the present tense would convey little sense when Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are far apart from each other. Again, the reading त्वदधर so common in the South Indian recension, raises another serious difficulty. त्वदधरमधुरमधूनि would mean the honeyed dews of your lips. Now, the person addressed here is Kṛṣṇa, and the passage त्वदधरमधुरमधूनि पिबन्तं भवन्तं would imply that Kṛṣṇa is kissing His own lips!—a palpable absurdity! But Vyākaraṇa provides for an alternative interpretation of त्वदधर the त्वद्, 2nd personal pronoun meaning तद्, i. e., 3rd personal pronoun.— त्वच्छब्दस्तकारान्तोऽन्यपर्याय: and सर्वनामगणे पठितः त्वच्छब्दोऽन्यवाची । But why should an unusual usage be brought in when तदधर would suit the context quite alright? तदधर would mean तस्याः राधायाः एव अधरमधूनि—i. e., the sweet dews off the lips of Rādhā. Rādhā perceives Kṛṣṇa everywhere and imagines herself as being kissed by Kṛṣṇa. For there is the saying that in union she (or he) is perceived as an individual, but in separation, she (or he) is an all-pervading presence;—सङ्गे सापि तथैका त्रिभुवनमपि तन्मयं विरहे ॥ Hence, in the intensity of her distraction, she perceives Kṛṣṇa everywhere—पश्यति दिशि दिशि ।

2. Prompted by the eager desire to repair to Thee at Thy tryst, she paces forth a few steps in Thy direction but then, alas, overcome, falls to the ground quite enfeebled!

विहितविशदबिसकिसलयवलया ।
जीवति परमिह तव रतिकलया ॥ नाथ ! – गृहे ॥ ३

3. Wearing bracelets wrought of the cool lotus filaments and of the tender shoots, to mitigate the fieriness of her anguish, she clings to life, dieting herself, as it were, with reminiscences of the invigorating details of her past dalliance with Thee.

मुहुरवलोकितमण्डनलीला ।
मधुरिपुरहमिति भावनशीला ॥ नाथ ! – गृहे ॥ ४

4. She dons such garments and such ornaments that, lo, she is transformed into Thy likeness! Contemplating her own metamorphosis, and utterly distraught with the frenzy of her passion for Thee, she exclaims "Behold, I am Madhuripu!"

त्वरितमुपैति न कथमभिसारम ।
हरिरिति वदति सखीमनुवारम ॥ नाथ ! – गृहे ॥ ५

5. Ever and anon she importunes her Sakhī with the one question uppermost in her mind—" Wherefore does not Hari repair to this tryst?"

श्लिष्यति चुम्बति जलधरकल्पम् ।
हरिरुपगत इति तिमिरमनल्पम् ॥ नाथ ! – गृहे ॥ ६

6. Perceiving the almost palpable darkness that encompasses her, and which is sable as Thine own Form, she rises abruptly imagining that Thou art arrived and hugs the darkness close to her bosom, and madly attempts to kiss it!

भवति विलम्बिनि विगलितलज्जा ।
विलपति रोदिति वासकसज्जा ॥ नाथ! – गृहे ॥ ७

7. Whilst thus dost Thou delay, Rādhā, pining in her own arbour, casts off all restraint and shame and loudly raves and laments, bemoaning her lot, and bursts into a deluge of tears!

श्रीजयदेवकवेरिदमुदितम् ।
रसिकजनं तनुतामतिमुदितम् ॥ नाथ! – गृहे ॥ ८

8. May these words of Jayadeva engender delight in the hearts of those of refined susceptibilities!

श्लो॥ विपुलपुलकपालिः स्फीतसीत्कारमन्त-
र्जनितजडिम काकुव्याकुलं व्याहरन्ती ।
तव कितव विधत्तेऽमन्दकन्दर्पचिन्तां
रसजलधिनिमग्ना ध्यानलग्ना मृगाक्षी ॥ ४२

42. Her entire being is steeped in Thee, Oh Thou Heartless One! And submerged by those mounting tides of amorousness, that deer-eyed Rādhā perceives Thee and Thee alone in her ecstasy. And, conjuring up, in her imagination, the vision of herself being caressed by Thee,

she quivers in excitement, her hairs standing on end; fancying that she by Thee is kissed, she draws in her breath sharply, almost with a hiss, in a curious mixture of pain and pleasure, imagining that her lips are sharply bitten by Thee in amorous sport! Again she cries "nay, nay, unhand me"—imagining that Thy bold hand seeks to ravish her quite, though she really courts Thy bold aggression! And then, spent with These delirious efforts of her mind, she sinks into a profound torpor!

श्लो॥ अङ्गेष्वाभरणं करोति वहुशः पत्रेऽपि सञ्चारिणि
प्राप्तं त्वां परिशङ्कते वितनुते शय्याश्चिरं ध्यायति ।
इत्याकल्पविकल्पतल्परचनासङ्कल्पलीलाशत-
व्यासक्ताऽपि विना त्वया वरतनुर्नैषा निशां नेष्यति॥ ४३

43. She embellishes her limbs profusely with such ornaments as would please Thy eye: and when a leaf, a feather or even a blade of grass should rustle in the breeze, she wonders eagerly if Thou art at last come! She smooths her floral couch, and, whilst Thou delayest, she dotes fondly on Thee!

Thus, being so frenziedly engrossed in ornamenting herself, or in awaiting Thy advent, or in spreading the couch, and in revolving a thousand details in her mind with regard to the forthcoming union with Thee—being so delirious, how could that beauteous one pass this night without Thee?

श्लो॥ किं विश्राम्यसि कृष्णभोगिभवने भाण्डीरभूमीरुहि ?
भ्रात! याहि न दृष्टिगोचरमितस्सानन्दनन्दास्पदम् ।
राधाया वचनं तदध्वगमुखान्नंदान्तिके गोपतो
गोविन्दस्य जयन्ति सायमतिथिप्राशस्त्यगर्भा गिरः ॥४४

44. May those highly courteous words of Kṛṣṇa where-with He greeted and complimented a guest of an evening triumph!—those words that He uttered when He received, through that way-farer, an intriguing message from Rādhā which, purporting to be a counsel to the pilgrim, ran "Oh brother, wherefore dost thou linger beneath this Bhāṇḍira tree (Banyan tree) which is infested by the Black serpent?* Wherefore dost thou not move a little farther on, so that thou mightest come in full view of the abode of Nanda, so replete with all comforts, that asylum which thou mightest easily reach and where thou mightest rest thy weary limbs?"

Thus ends the Sixth canto of the Gita Govinda Kāvyā entitled Dhṛṣṭa Vaikuṇṭha,

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* The intriguing nature of Rādhā's message lies in the words कृष्णभोगिभवने भाण्डीरभूमीरुहि । The Bhāṇḍira tree, though apparently said to be the abode of the Black serpent (कृष्ण भोगि) is really the rendezvous of the gay Kṛṣṇa—कृष्णभोगि । कृष्णभोगिभवनं is therefore कृष्णश्चासौ भोगी श्रृङ्गारी तस्य निवासः इत्यर्थः । Hence, the message of Rādhā, though intended apparently to scare away the wayfarer and persuade him to quit its precincts, conveyed to Kṛṣṇa the secret message that she awaited Him under the thick over-hanging shades of that Bhāṇḍira tree.

# CANTO VII.

॥ सप्तमः सर्गः ॥

श्लो ॥ अत्रान्तरे च कुलटाकुलवर्त्मपात
सञ्जातपातक इव स्फुटलाञ्छनश्रीः ।
वृन्दावनान्तरमदीपयदंशुजालैः
दिक्सुन्दरीवदनचन्दनबिन्दुरिन्दुः ॥ ४५

45. Meanwhile, like the spot of sandal adorning the forehead of the beauteous maiden of the East, arose the moon, flooding the glades of Bṛndāvana with his argent sheen. Bright and full he rose, with those dark shadows on his orb, as if they were the stigmata* he had earned through the sin of bis impeding the movements of harlots with his tell-tale resplendence.

श्लो ॥ प्रसरति शशधरबिम्बे विहितविलंबे च माधवे विधुरा ।
विरचितविविधविलापं सा परितापं चकारोच्चैः ॥ ४६

46. As the lunar orb sailed higher and higher up into the mid-heavens, and as Mādhava delayed coming, Rādhā, in poignant grief, lamented, pitifully and

* According to the poet; harlotry is not so much of a sin! But it is a heinous sin to bar the movements of harlots in the free exercise of their trade. In reward of such sins—i. e., the sin of betraying their movements, the moon has earned those blemishes on his orb, as stigmata that eternally brand him and proclaim his infamy! Surely, a highly revolutionary code of ethics!

aloud, pouring out her agony in various manner as her bursting heart prompted her to do.

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## SONG 13.

॥ मालवरागयतितालभ्यां गीयते ॥

[1]कथितसमयेऽपि हरिरहह ! न ययौ वनं
मम विफलमिदममलरूपमपि यौवनम् ।
यामि हे ! कमिह शरणं
सखीजनवचनवञ्चिताऽहम् ? ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Āhiri Rāga and Tripuṭa Tāla*; some render it in *Nīlāmbarī* as well).

Alas, whom shall I resort to as my refuge? Surely have I been deceived by the words of my companions! Whither shall I go?

1. At the moment He said He would arrive, He hath not repaired to the appointed spot. Alas, of what avail now are my youth, and the surpassing beauty of my form?—with Him not here to delight in them?

यदनुगमनाय निशि गहनमपि शीलितम् ।
तेन मम हृदयमिदमसमशरकीलितम् ॥ यामि...वञ्चिताऽहम् २

2. By Him, in whose quest I have wandered through this forest at the dead of night—by Him have I been sadly betrayed:—and now is my heart battered mercilessly by the shafts of Madana!

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1. ललित.

मम मरणमेव वरमति वितथकेतना ।
[1]किमिति विषहामि विरहानलमचेतना ।। यामि···वञ्चिताऽहम् ३

3. Confounded, stunned by my miseries, how, how indeed shall I endure these fiery torments of distraction? Far better were it that I die—I, whose beauty and form are no longer of any avail!

मामहह ! विधुरयति मधुरमधुयामिनी ।
कापि हरिमनुभवति कृतसुकृतकामिनी ।। यामि···वञ्चिताऽहम् ४

4. Alas, alas, the beauties of this pleasant vernal night afflict me sorely! Ah, perhaps at this very moment, some fortunate damsel delights in Hari's arms!

अहह ! कलयामि वलयादिमणिभूषणम् ।
हरिविरहदहनवहनेन बहुदूषणम् ।। यामि···वञ्चिताऽहम् ५

5. Alas, unto me that languish in the flames of love for Hari, these bracelets and these gem-set ornaments serve but as burdens that only add to my misery!

कुसुमसुकुमारतनुमतनुशरलीलया ।
स्रगपि हृदि हन्ति मामतिविषमशीलया ।। यामि···वञ्चिताऽहम् ६

6. This garland of flowers undulating on my bosom, like the insidious and envenomed darts of Manmatha that they are, blight my very heart without, however, inflicting any visible injury, and plunge me that am tenderer far than the tenderest flowers into insufferable torments!

अहमिह हि निवसामि न विगणितवेतसा ।
स्मरति मधुसूदनो मामपि न चेतसा ।। यामि···वञ्चिताऽहम् ७

1. किमिह.

7. Here I am, languishing in this bower, superemely unmindful of the ravishing beauties of the sylvan glades and of the verdant bowers of entwining creepers, with my heart set entirely on Kṛṣṇa. But Madhusūdana, alas, gives me not even a thought !

हरिचरणशरणजयदेवकविभारती ।

वसतु हृदि युवतिरिव कोमलकलावती ।। यामि· · ·वञ्चिताऽहम् ८

8. May these dulcet and sparkling strains of Jayadeva's muse, dedicated to the extolment of the feet of Hari, ever abide in the hearts of all votaries of Kṛṣṇa, like the image of a maiden, whose charms are perennially fresh, that remains imprinted in the heart of an impassioned lover.

श्लो ।। तत्किं कामपि कामिनीमभिसृतः ! किं वा कलाकेळिभिः
बद्धो बन्धुभि ! रन्धकारिणि वनाभ्यर्णे किमुद्भ्राम्यति !
कान्तः क्लान्तमना मनागपि पथि प्रस्थातुमेवाक्षमः !
सङ्केतीकृतमंजुवंजुळलताकुंजेऽपि यन्नागतः ।। ४७

47. Wherefore hath my Beloved not hastened to this delightful arbour of Vañjula creepers which He hath chosen as the place of assignation ? Hath He, perchance gone in pursuit of another coquette ? Or, hath He been detained by the merry pastimes in the company of His kinsmen ? Hath He, perchance, lost His way in the dense darkness* of the night, and is He, perhaps, at this very

* Just a little while ago we told that the full moon flooded the Bṛndāvana with his silver rays—वृन्दावनान्तरमदीपयदंशुजालैः but now we are told that it is pitch dark—अन्धकारिणि ।

moment, groping His way through the labyrinths of this forest? Or, hath He dropped helplessly on the way, overcome by grief at being separated from me? Is He perchance languishing nearby, two weak even to move ?"

श्लो ॥ अथागतां माधवमन्तरेण
सखीमियं वीक्ष्य विषादमूकाम् ।
विशङ्कमाना रमितं कयाऽपि
जनार्दनं दृष्टवदेतदाह ॥ ४८

48. And then, perceiving her Sakhī return without Kṛṣṇa, but with silent grief depicted on her countenance, and suspecting a fresh amour on the part of Janārdana with another damsel Rādhā gave free vent to her poignant and jealous grief, and bemoaned His perfidy as if she did actually witness His infidelity.

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## SONG 14.

॥ वसन्तरागयतिताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

स्मरसमरोचितविरचितवेशा गळितकुसुमदरविलुळितकेशा ।
कापि मधुरिपुणा विलसति युवति [1]रत्यधिकगुणा ॥ १

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This is but one of the numerous instances where the poet contradicts himself with a supreme disregard for time-sequence. A lesser poet would perhaps have been more careful with such details.

1. रधिकगुणा.

*(Rendered in Sāranga Rāga and Tripuṭa Tāla.)*

1. Some damsel, fairer far than my hapless self, now sports blithely with Madhuripu. There she sports, my rival, more fortunate that I am,—panoplied, as it were. for the warfare of love with all her seductive charms. In the excitement of the amorous battle, the flowers that adorn her tresses rain down in profusion and her locks stray in wild dishevelment.

हरिपरिरम्भण[1]वलितविकारा ।
कुचकलशोपरि तरलितहारा काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ २

2. Her passion mounts to fever pitch through being ardently embraced by Hari ; and as her bosom heaves forth in intense excitement, the wreath of flowers thereon undulate like billows.

विचलदलकललिताननचन्द्रा ।
तदधरपानरभसकृततन्द्रा काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ ३

3. The curls that fringe her fore-head, straying rebelliously across her lovely countenance, look like the dark shadows that spot the lunar orb. And in the deliciousness of sipping the nectar dews off the lips of Kṛṣṇa, she sinks into a blissful state of somnolence.

चञ्चलकुण्डलदलितकपोला ।
मुखरितरशन जघनगतिलोला काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ ४

4. In the very height of the amorous sport, the pendents in her ears dangle and, as it were, caressingly stroke her silken cheeks, and the tiny bells in her girdle make tinkling music as excitedly she moves.

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1. ललित·

दयितविलोकितलज्जितहसिता ।
बहुविधकूजितरतिरसरसिता काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ ५

5. As her beloved Kṛṣṇa gazes ardently on her charms she is overcome by bashfulness; blushing, she does yet smile coyly at Him. And in the bliss of being gathered in His arms, she coos softly and contentedly like a dove or a parrot or a cuckoo.

विपुलपुलकपृथुवेपथुभङ्गा ।
श्वसितनिमीलितविकसदनङ्गा काऽपि गुणा ॥ ६

6. With her hairs standing on end in the intense thrill of the amorous sport, her entire frame quivers with an admirable tremulousness. And crowned with the supreme bliss of union with her beloved, she sighs in contentment, and closes her eyes in restful repose, thus marking the triumphant culmination of her amour.

श्रमजलकणभरसुभगशरीरा ।
परिपतितोरसि रतिरणधीरा काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ ७

7. Bedewed all over with pearly droplets of sweat, and lovely in such heightened animation, she falls, in sheer abandon, on the bosom of Kṛṣṇa, as if establishing her conquest over Him in the fray of love.

श्रीजयदेवभणितहरिरमितम् ।
कलिकलुषं जनयतु परिशमितं काऽपि ॥ गुणा ॥ ८

8. May this song of Jayadeva that depicts the amorous sports of Hari dispel the sins of kali from the hearts of those that hear and sing!

श्लो ॥ विरहपाण्डुमुरारिमुखांबुज-
द्युतिरयं तिरयन्नपि वेदनाम् ।
विधुरतीव तनोति मनोभुवः
सुहृदये हृदये मदनव्यथाम् ॥ ४९

49. Ah me, this pale orb of the moon, so much like the pale love-lorn countenance of Kṛṣṇa pining for me—even this moon, for the nonce, stifles my grief and generates in me a semblance of joy through the resemblance he bears to Kṛṣṇa. But, anon, like the faithful ally of Manmatha that he is, he (the moon) torments my heart again with concentrated fury! Thus am I torn between fleeting joy and deep grief!

## SONG 15.

॥ घूर्जरीरागैकताळीताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

समुदितमदने रमणीवदने चुम्बनवलिताधरे
मृगमदतिलकं लिखति सपुलकं मृगमिव रजनीकरे ।
रमते यमुनापुलिनवने
विजयी मुरारिरधुना ॥ ध्रुवम् १

*(Rendered in Sāveri rāga and Ādi Tāla)*

Even now doth Murāri sport in triumph, in the woodlands adjoining the sands of Yamunā—triumphantly does He sport with another, callously abandoning me!

1. There, on the lovely countenance, lovely as the fully-risen moon, inspiring tender love.—there, on the forehead of that fortunate damsel, whose lips pout sweetly in the act to kiss, doth He imprint a spot of musk, there to shine like the shadowy antelope that marks the disc of the moon. And as thus He adorns her face, His entire frame is aglow and a-thrill with passion.

घनचयरुचिरे रचयति चिकुरे तरलिततरुणानने ।
कुरवककुसुमं चपलासुषमं रतिपतिमृगकानने ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ २

2. And now does He adorn her ebon tresses, dark as rain-clouds, with the red Kuravaka blossoms that look like streaks of lightning flashing across a dark cloud-rack. Thus solicitously does He bedeck her locks—those looks wherein, as among the tangled thickets, lurks Manmatha like an ubiquitous stag; those locks, again, that set the heart of youth aflame with the tender passion.

घटयति सुघने कुचयुगगगने मृगमदरुचिरूषिते ।
मणिसरममलं तारकपटलं नखपदशशिभूषिते ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ३

3. On the twin eminences of her bosom, expansive as the firmament, overlaid with a concoction of musk, and punctured with crescent-shaped imprints of finger-nails in the course of amorous sport—on her lovely bosom does He lay a wreath of brilliant pearls, which sparkle thereon like the myriad stars in the skies at eventide.

जितबिसशकले मृदुभुजयुगळे करतलनळिनीदळे ।
मरकतवलयं मधुकरनिचयं वितरति हिमशीतले ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ४

4. On her two arms slenderer, softer and cooler far than lotus filaments, He sets bracelets of deep-blue sapphires which, encircling her cold rosy palms—rosy as lotus petals,—look like a swarm of black honey bees hovering around the lotus in bloom.

रतिगृहजघने विपुलापघने मनसिजकनकासने ।
मणिमयरसनं तोरणहसनं विकिरति कृतवासने ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ५

5. There, around her shapely waist, * so soft and full, the very shrine of Love where Manmatha sits enthroned, and so hauntingly perfumed with exotic essences—there, around her waist, He fastens, with tremulous fingers, the girdle of sparkling gems, that look like gay festoons that adorn the portals of shrines.

चरणकिसलये कमलानिलये नखमणिगणपूजिते ।
बहिरपवरणं यावकभरणं जनयति हृदि योजिते ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ६

6. Setting her dainty foot, tender as sprouts, on His breast, where for ever Lakṣmī abides, † He dyes it

* An euphemism for
रतिगृहजघने विपुलापघने etc.

† कमलानिलये has here been taken as the विशेषण of हृदि, though some take it as an adjunct of चरणकिसलये ।

with the deep red lac, as if laying a protective cover thereon, that foot that looks so extremely lovely, be-jewelled with those ruby toes.

रमयति सुदृशं कामपि सुभृशं खलहलधरसोदरे ।
किमफलमवसं चिरमिह विरसं वद सखि ! विटपोदरे ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ७

7. Variously thus does the naughty brother of Balarāma render tender offices* to that fair-eyed damsel. And now, dear friend. tell me, what avails my weary sojourn here, in this dreary bower, when heartlessly He neglects me and, libertine-like, sports with another?

इह रसभणने कृतहरिगुणने मधुरिपुपदसेवके ।
कलियुगचरितं न वसतु दुरितं कविनृपजयदेवके ॥
रमते ... मुरारिरधुना ॥ ८

8. May the evils of Kali never taint Jayadeva the sovereign bard who celebrates the glories of Hari in this mellifluous and exquisitely emotional song, let not Kali touch Jayadeva who has dedicated himself to the eternal service of Madhuripu.

श्लो ॥ नायातस्सखि निर्दयो यदि शठस्त्वं दूति! किं दूयसे
स्वच्छंदं बहुवल्लभस्स रमते किं तत्र ते दूषणम् ? ।
पश्याद्य प्रियसङ्गमाय दयितस्याकृष्यमाणं गुणै-
रुत्कण्ठार्तिभरादिव स्फुटदिदं चेतस्स्वयं यास्यति ॥ ५०

* रमयति सुदृशं is better than the South Indian recension ध्यायति सुदृशं

50. Ah, my dear Sakhi, well indeed hast thou discharged thy duty as my confidante by conveying my secret love-messages to Him. Nor need thou repine at thy ill-success. But that Heartless One, however, cometh not. The libertine that He is, He sports promiscuously with damsels as His caprices prompt. And wherefore shouldst thou blame Him? such is His fickleness! But now, behold! perfidious as He is, my heart, attracted by His enthralling qualities, and surcharged with the eager longing to attain Him, bursts in its very fulness and flees of its own accord to my Beloved, restrain it as much as I would! †

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† This s'loka, according to S'ankara Mis'ra, is the monologue of Rādhā, and has been rendered accordingly. But Kumbhanāna regards this s'loka as a dialogue between Radhā and her Sakhī. As a dialogue, it would run thus:—

*Sakhi*: Dear my friend, though I have importuned Him to come to you, heartless He is, He cometh not.

*Radha*: Oh my trusted confidante, you have done your duty well. But why need you be distressed about Him?

*Sakhi*: This is what distresses me. Faithlessly and promiscuously does He sport with wantons as His fancies prompt Him.

*Radha*: Be it so. But wherefore need you traduce Him? Rather blame my cruel destiny tham blame Him, etc.

The rest, of course, is the same as according to S'ankara Mis'ra.

## SONG 16.

॥ देशवराळीरागेण रूपकताळेन गीयते ॥

अनिलतरळकुवलयनयनेन तपति न सा किसलयशयनेन ।
सखि!-या रमिता वनमालिना ॥ सखि ! ... ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Punnāgavarāḷi rāga* and *Ādi Tāla*)

Oh sweet my friend, fortunate is she who sports with Vanamāli!

1. Sporting with him whose eyes roll in tender languor like a cluster of Kuvalayas leaping in the breeze, she knows no torments, as happily she reclines on the couch of tender sprouts!

विकसितसरसिजललितमुखेन ।
स्फुटति न सा मनसिजविशिखेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ २

2. Nor is she, sporting with Him whose countenance surpasses in beauty the fully blossomed lotus, battered by the deadly barbs of Madana.

अमृतमधुरमृदुतरवचनेन ।
ज्वलति न सा मलयजपवनेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ ३

3. Sporting with Him whose cajolery is sweeter far than nectar itself, she feels no fiery anguish when her limbs are overlaid with cooling fragrant sandal.

स्थलजलरुहरुचिकरचरणेन ।
लुठति न सा हिमकरकिरणेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ ४

4. Sporting with Him whose hands and feet are brighter far than a bunch of land—lotuses, she rolls not abjectly in the dust as I do, fevered by the cool rays of the moon.

सजलजलदसमुदयरुचिरेण ।
दळति न सा हृदि विरहभरेण ॥ सखिं ! ... मालिना ॥ ५

5. Sporting with Him whose form is splendid as the pregnant rain-cloud, she feels not on her heart the shattering hammer-blows of distraction.

कनकनिकषरुचिशुचिवसनेन ।
श्वसिति न सा परिजनसहनेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ ६

6. Sporting with Him who is arrayed in raiments of burnished gold, she sighs not in despair at the taunts of her companions.

सकलभुवनजनवरतरुणेन ।
वहति न सा रुजमतिकरुणेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ ७

7. Sporting with Him whose youthful beauty ravishes the hearts of the denizens of all the worlds, she nurtures no grief, nor is her lot as sad as mine.

श्रीजयदेवभणितवचनेन ।
प्रविशतु हरिरपि हृदयमनेन ॥ सखि ! ... मालिना ॥ ८

8. May these words of Jayadeva, as also the grace of Hari, penetrate deep into the hearts of all the rasikas

श्लो ॥ मनोभवानन्दन ! चन्दनानिल !
प्रसीद रे दक्षिण ! मुञ्च वामताम् ।
क्षणं जगत्प्राण ! निधाय माधवं
पुरो मम प्राणहरो भविष्यसि ॥ ५१

51. Oh thou soft breeze that waftest the fragrance of the sandal, be gracious unto me! Oh thou that blowest from the south, be not perverse and cruel! Ally not thyself with Manmatha, my inveterate foe! Oh thou that enlivenest all creation! deign but to place Mādhava before me for a moment only so that I might cast but one last look on Him; and then mightest thou gather me unto Death!

श्लो ॥ रिपुरिव सखीसंवासोऽयं शिखीव हिमानिलो
विषमिव सुधारश्मिर्यस्मिन् दुनोति मनोगते ।
हृदयमदये तस्मिन्नेवं पुनर्वलते बलात्
कुवलयदृशां वामः कामो निकामनिरङ्कुशः ॥ ५२

52 When but I dote on Kṛṣṇa, enshrining Him in my heart, this band of attendants is to me an army of bitter foes; the cool breeze is one fiery blaze; the moon shedding cool nectar rays is veritable bane to me. Even so—when all pleasant things are embittered through His remembrance,—my heart clings fondly and stubbornly, again and again, unto Him, and would not be restrained! Strangely perverse is indeed the course of love of the fair-eyed ones! True indeed it is that love knows no barriers nor reason!

श्लो ॥ बाधां विधेहि मलयानिल ! पञ्चबाण !
प्राणान् गृहाण न गृहं पुनराश्रयिष्ये ।
किं ते कृतांतभगिनि ! क्षमया तरङ्गैः
अङ्गानि सिंच मम शाम्यतु देहदाहः ॥ ५३

53. Oh thou cool breeze blowing from the Malaya hills, vent thy worst fury on me! Oh Manmatha, annihilate me with the five-fold floral darts! Abandoned by Him, what care I for life? Nor would I return home. Oh Yamuna, enough, enough of thy forbearance! The sister of Yama that thou art, accomplish whatever might please thy dread brother! Overwhelm me with thy rolling billows! Submerge me in thy floods! May thus at least my fever be quenched for ever!

श्लो ॥ प्रातर्नीलनिचोलमच्युतमुरस्संवीतपीतांबरं
राधायाश्चकितं विलोक्य हसति स्वैरं सखीमण्डले ।
व्रीडाचञ्चलमञ्चलं नयनयोराधाय राधानने
स्वादुस्वेरमुखोऽयमस्तु जगदानन्दाय नन्दात्मजः ॥ ५४

54. May that sweetly smiling face of the son of Nanda bestow all bliss on the worlds;—Kṛṣṇa, the Darling of Nanda, who glanced askance, with laughing eyes, on Rādhā as she blushed with shame whilst her attendant damsels tittered and looked at one another roguishly, finding, at dawn, Rādhā garbed in the saffron robes of Kṛṣṇa and Kṛṣṇa draped in the dark-blue raiments of Rādhā!

Thus ends the seventh Canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva entitled Nāgara Nārāyaṇa. (Kṛṣṇa supposed false.)

# CANTO VIII.

॥ अष्टमः सर्गः ॥

(विलक्ष्यलक्ष्मीपतिः)

श्लो ॥ अथ कथमपि यामिनीं विनीय
सरशरजर्जरिताऽपि सा प्रभाते ।
अनुनयवचनं वदन्तमग्रे
प्रणतमपि प्रियमाह साभ्यसूयम् ॥ ५५

55. Languishing with the fever engendered by Love's ceaseless onslaught, Rādhā somehow spent those weary hours of that agonising night; and then, at dawn, she perceived Kṛṣṇa prostrate at her feet, uttering flattering and conciliatory speech. Enraged at His perfidy, thus did Rādhā speak with all the concentrated bitterness of jealousy!

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## SONG 17.

॥ भैरवीरागयतितालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

रजनिजनितगुरुजागररागकषायितमलसनिमेषम्
वहति नयनमनुरागमिव स्फुटमुदितरसाभिनिवेशम् (हरिहरि!)...
याहि माधव ! याहि केशव ! मावद कैतववादम् ।
तामनुसर सरसीरुहलोचन ! या तव हरति विषादम् ॥ ध्रुवम् १

(Rendered in *Ārabhi rāga* and *Ādi Tāla*)

1. Begone, Mādhava, betake thyself away, Kes'ava! Alas, alas, seek not to deceive me with thy artful speech!

Follow her, oh thou whose eyes look ruddy as the half-opened lotus bud—follow that minx who will surely soothe thy grief! Thy eyes, bloodshot with a night-long vigil, and bespeaking the fatigues of a night of amatory activity, betray the intensity of passion that thou cherishest for her! Be thou gone!

कज्जलमलिनविलोचनचुम्बनविरचितनीलिमरूपम् ।
दशनवसनमरुणं तव कृष्ण ! तनोति तनोरनुरूपम् ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ २

2. The natural ruddiness of Thy lips is now overlaid with the black collyrium that adorned her eye-lashes as passionately Thou didst kiss her eyes. And those blackened lips of Thine, how admirably do they harmonise with the swarthiness of Thy form!

वपुरनुहरति तव स्मरसङ्गरखरनखरक्षतरेखम् ।
मरकतशकलकलितकलधौतलिपेरिव रतिजयलेखम् ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ३

3. And Thy entire form proclaims but too loudly those scars inflicted thereon by the finger nails of Thy paramour! These imprints look like inscriptions, chronicled in letters of gold on a tablet of *Lapis lazuli*, publishing the victory of Thy minion over Thee in the warfare of love!

चरणकमलगलदलक्तसिक्तमिदं तव हृदयमुदारम् ।
दर्शयतीव बहिर्मदनद्रुमनवकिसलयपरिवारम ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ४

4. And behold, Thy broad bosom, stained red with the imprints of the feet of that woman, dyed with the concoction of red lac, looks as if the tree of love had grown suddenly luxuriant with a fresh profusion of tender red sprouts!

दशनपदं भवदधरगतं मम जनयति चेतसि खेदम् ।
कथयति कथमधुनाऽपि मया सह तव वपुरेतदभेदम् ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ५

5. Those deep dents on Thy lips, inflicted by Thy paramour in the frenzy of amorous sport, alas, but enkindle intense anguish in my heart! There is certainly nothing common between us two, either in body or in mind! Yet, strangely enough. those scars on Thy lips make me smart with agony! Does this, in any manner bespeak a corporeal identity between us two?

बहिरिव मलिनतरं तव कृष्ण! मनोऽपि भविष्यति नूनम् ।
कथमथ वञ्चयसे जनमनुगतमसमशरज्वरदूनम् ? ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ६

6. It is certain. Oh Kṛṣṇa, that Thy heart is as black as Thy exterior! Otherwise, how couldst Thou callously deceive such as I who, languishing in love for Thee, follow Thee with intense devotion?

भ्रमति भवानबलाकवलाय वनेषु किमत्र विचित्रम् ।
प्रथयति पूतनिकैव वधूवधनिर्दयबालचरित्रम् ॥
(हरिहरि !) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ७

7. Nor is such black-heartedness in Thee anyway surprising. Thou roamest through these woods, bent on wrecking the hearts of trusting maidens. What more could be expected of one like Thee who started life with the murder of a poor woman like Pūtana, in cold blood?

श्रीजयदेवभणितरतिवञ्चितखण्डितयुवतिविलापम् ।
शृणुत सुधामधुरं विबुधा विबुधालयतोऽपि दुरापं ॥
(हरिहरि! ) याहि ... ... विषादम् ॥ ८

8. Oh ye Rasikas, far-famed for your wisdom, listen ye to this song of Jayadeva wherein are described the laments of the indignant Rādhā who was deceived by the infidelities of Kṛṣṇa. Listen to these dulcet strains, sweeter far than nectar,—such sweet strains as even Swarga, the abode of the celestials, could hardly boast of!

श्लो ॥ तवेदं पश्यंत्याः प्रसरदनुरागं बहिरिव
प्रियापादालक्तच्छुरितमरुणच्छाय* हृदयम् ।
ममाद्य प्रख्यातप्रणयभरभङ्गेन कितव !
त्वदालोकश्शोकादपि किमपि लज्जां जनयति ॥ ५६

56. Thou hast indeed trifled with and shattered all the deep love that I cherished for Thee. But more than the gangrenous grief I suffer through Thy heartless neglect, oh Thou shameless Libertine, I am weighed down by a sense of deep shame as I see Thee standing there exhibiting, for all the world to see, those vermeil-tinted imprints of the feet of Thy paramour on Thy bosom,

* द्योति हृदयम् ।

as if all those fiery passions that flame up fiercely within Thy heart have manifested themselves without !

श्लो ॥ अन्तर्मोहनमौळिघूर्णनचलन्मन्दारविभ्रंशन-
स्तम्भाकर्षणदृष्टिहर्षणमहामन्त्रः कुरङ्गीदृशाम् ।
दृप्यद्दानवदूयमानदिविषद्दुर्वारदुःखापदां
भ्रंशः कंसरिपोर्विपोलयतु वः श्रेयांसि वंशीरवः ॥ ५७

इति श्रीजयदेवपद्धतौ श्री गीतगोविन्दे खण्डितावर्णने
विलक्ष्यलक्ष्मीपतिर्नामाष्टमः सर्गः ॥

57. May those ravishing strains of the flute of the foe of Kamsa augment all your weal!—those notes that chase away the adversities of the Devas who are for ever harassed by the molestations of the Dānavas, drunk with power;—those strains, again, that ravished the hearts of the gazelle-eyed damsels, causing them to nod their heads in enraptured approbation, whilst the Mandāra flowers that adorned their heads rained down in profusion!—those strains that, like a potent incantation, often made the cowherdesses stand petrified with ecstasy, attracted them powerfully like a lodestone, inebriated them with a heady bliss, and thrilled their very beings with a supreme joy!

Thus ends the eighth Canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva entitled Vilakṣya Lakṣmīpati (The rebuking of Kṛṣṇa)

# CANTO IX.

(मुग्धमुकुन्दः)

॥ नवमः सर्गः ॥

श्लो ॥ तामथ मन्मथखिन्नां रतिरसभिन्नां विषादसंपन्नाम् ।
अनुचिंतितहरिचरितां कलहान्तरितामुवाच रहसि सखी ॥

58. Her, who was thus assailed by the pangs of love, who, though yearning for dalliance with her beloved, yet tormented herself with grief at the imagined infidelity of Krṣṇa, who still fondly doted on Him, and who, with offended dignity, taxed her beloved with a profusion of sighs and tears,—her the Sakhi addressed in whispers and spoke soothingly and persuasively.

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## SONG 18.

॥ घूर्जरीरागयतिताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

हरिरभिसरति वहति मधुपवने
किमपरमधिकसुखं सखि ! भवने ? ।
माधवे
मा कुरु मानिनि ! मानमये ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Yadukulakāmboji rāga* and *Ādi Tāla*)

Oh Thou indignant Rādhā, be not wroth with Mādhava!

1. Now, bent on propitiating thee, Hari hath hied unto thee, at this thy tryst. Softly, sweetly blows the

vernal breeze. What greater bliss could one expect to derive from all these three worlds, or in all one's life,* than receiving Him at this supremely propitious hour?

ताळफलादपि गुरुमतिसरसं ।
किमु विफलीकुरुषे कुचकलशम् ? ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ २

2. Wouldst thou waste the sweetness of those twin youthful charms, without submitting them to the sweet caresses of Hari,—those charms that are firmer and luscious far than ripe full-grown *Tāla* fruits?

कति न कथितमिदमनुपदमचिरं ।
मा परिहर हरिमतिशयरुचिरम् ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ३

3. Have I not, now and anon, times without number, remonstrated with thee not to be cross with Him, and not to damp His ardour with thy coldness?

किमिति विषीदसि रोदिषि विकला ? ।
विहसति युवतिसभा तव सकला ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ४

4. Wherefore art thou dejected? wherefore weepest thou like one lost?—Behold, the entire band of your companions laughs at thy perversity!

† Both the readings भवने and भुवने have been adopted, and their sense incorporated in the rendering.

सजलनलिनीदलशीतलशयने ।
हरिमवलोकय सफलय नयने ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ५

5. Seat Hari on thy couch of moist, green, velvet-soft lotus leaves; and as He reclines thereon, bless thy sight by feasting thy eyes on that blissful vision!

जनयसि मनसि किमिति गुरुखेदम् ।
शृणु मम वचनमनीहितभेदम् ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ६

6. Needlessly indeed dost thou torment thyself with deep and bitter grief. Hearken, then, to my counsel so that all these bickerings between thee and Kṛṣṇa may be set at rest.

हरिरुपयातु वदतु बहुमधुरम् ।
किमिति करोषि हृदयमतिविधुरम् ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ७

7. Let Hari approach thee tenderly. Let Him address thee with sweet speech. Wherefore dost thou rack thy heart with needless affliction?

श्रीजयदेवभणितमतिललितं ।
सुखयतु रसिकजनं हरिचरितम् ॥
माधवे ... ... ... मानमये ॥ ८

8. May these sweet strains of Jayadeva, chronicling the sports of Hari, delight all the Rasikas!

श्लो ॥ स्निग्धे यत्परुषाऽसि यत्प्रणमति स्तब्धाऽसि यद्रागिणि
द्वेषस्थाऽसि यदुन्मुखे विमुखतां याताऽसि तस्मिन् प्रिये ।
तद्युक्तं विपरीतकारिणि तव श्रीखण्डचर्चा विषं
शीतांशुस्तपनो हिमं हुतवहः क्रीडामुदो यातनाः ॥ ५९

59. Thou art relentless towards Him that approacheth thee with tender love. Thou art unbending towards Him that prostrates Himself abjectly before thee in deep contrition, seeking thy forgiveness. Thou loathest Him that loveth thee with all ardour. Thou art cold and unresponsive to Him that rusheth impetuously to clasp thee in His arms with passionate frenzy. How perverse thou art! What wonder? Such perversity is but becoming in one for whom the cooling sandal is deadly bane, for whom the cool rays of the moon are the scorching beams of the sun, the frigid snows the torrid flames, and the gaiety of thy companions infernal torments!

श्लो ॥ सान्द्रानन्दपुरन्दरादिदिविषद्वृन्दैरमन्दादरात्
आनम्रैर्मकुटेन्द्रनीलमणिभिस्संदर्शितेन्दिन्दिरम् ।
स्वच्छंदं मकरन्दसुन्दरगलन्मंदाकिनीमेदुरं
श्रीगोविन्दपदारविन्दमशुभस्कन्दाय वन्दामहे ॥ ६०

60. Humbly do we prostrate ourselves at the feet of Govinda that for ever compass the destruction of all adversities;—those lotus feet whence emanate, like waves of flower-dust, the streams of Mandākini (Gangā)! those lotus feet around which the sapphires that adorn the

crowns of all the *Devas*, with Indra at their head, swarm in overjoyed supplication, like a horde of eager black honey-bees buzzing round the fresh-blown flower!

Thus ends the ninth canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva entitled Mugdha Mukunda. (The end of Kṛṣṇa's trial)

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# CANTO X.

॥ दशमः सर्गः ॥

(चतुरचतुर्भुजः)

श्लो॥ अत्रान्तरे मसृण[1]रोषवशामपार-
निःश्वासनिस्सहमुखीं सुमुखीमुपेत्य ।
सव्रीडमीक्षितसखीवदनां दिनान्ते
सानन्दगद्गदपदं हरिरित्युवाच ॥ ६१

61. And now, as the shadows of evening were gathering apace, Hari, approaching Rādhā who, persuaded by the *Sakhi's* counsel, was beginning to relent,* who, again, was sighing excitedly with tumultuous emotion, and who was glancing bashfully at the face of her *Sakhi* now that her anger had melted away,—approaching her, Hari addressed her with sweet words, tremulous with love and joy.

1. कोपवशामसार ; कोपवशामसीम.

* मसृणरोषवशाम्, कोमलसखीवचनैः किञ्चिन्नमितरोषाम् ।

—Rasikapriya.

## SONG 19.

॥ देशवराळीरागाष्टताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

वदसि यदि किंचिदपि दन्तरुचिकौमुदी हरति दरतिमिरमतिघोरं

स्फुरदधरशीधवे तव वदनचन्द्रमा रोचयतु लोचनचकोरम् ।

प्रिये ! चारुशीले ! मुञ्च मयि मानमनिदानं

सपदि मदनानलो दहति मम मानसं देहि मुखकमलमधुपानम् ॥

ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Mukhāri rāga* and *Jampa Tāla*)

Darling mine, so perfect and amiable, be thou not wroth with Me! commiserate poor Me who, even this moment, am tormented by the scorching flames of love! For pity's sake, bless me with a deep draught of the honeyed sweets of thy lips, and of thy face, fair as the lotus in full bloom!

1. Speak but one word! Let the sparkle of thy pearly teeth chase away the dark despair of My soul! Let the cool splendour of thy face, fair as the lunar orb, bless these, Mine eyes, blinded with dire despair; and let these, My eyes, thus blest, long eagerly, like *chakora* birds, for the heady sweetnesses of thy lips!

सत्यमेवासि यदि सुदति ! मयि कोपिनी देहि खरनखरशरघातम् ।

घटय भुजबन्धनं जनय रदखण्डनं येन वा भवति सुखजातम् ॥

प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ २

2. Oh thou with teeth like orient pearls! if, in troth, thou art wroth with Me, vent then thy displeasure

on Me as thou please! Tear Me up that am guilty of offending thee with thy sharp finger-nails! Pinion Me close with thy arms; dint My lips deep with thy angry teeth; or do whatever else thou fanciest with Me, so that thy wrath may be spent and thou mightest be happy!

त्वमसि मम भूषणं त्वमसि मम जीवनं त्वमसि मम भवजलधिरत्नम् ।
भवतु भवतीह मयि सततमनुरोधिनी तत्र मम हृदयमतियत्नम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ३

3. Thou art indeed, My proudest ornament; aye, thou art My very life! Nay, thou art the gem of purest ray serene shedding its mellow radiance in the dark depths of the turbulent sea of My life! Be thou tender and considerate unto Me. To accomplish thy pleasure shall be the one aim of My life's endeavour!

नीलनलिनाभमपि तन्वि ! तव लोचनं धारयति कोकनदरूपम् ।
कुसुमशरबाणभावेन यदि रञ्जयसि कृष्णमिदमेतदनुरूपम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ४

4. Thy eyes, deep blue as the Nilotpala, are now flushed red with anger. If, through anger, thy black eyes could be turned red, let now, in tender love, the glances of your eyes descend on Me like the shafts of Madana and ensanguine Me so that My swarthiness may be transformed into a cornelian hue, and so that My Form may harmonise with the colour of thine eyes! *

* Here, again, there is a pun on the word रञ्ज which means both to love and to redden. यदि रञ्जयसि would therefore mean either "bestow thy amorous favours on me" or "ensanguine me."

स्फुरतु कुचकुम्भयोरुपरि मणिमञ्जरी रञ्जयतु तव हृदयदेशम् ।
रसतु रशनाऽपि तव घनजघनमण्डले घोषयतु मन्मथनिदेशम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ५

5. Let those strings of brilliant gems undulate softly atop the eminences of thy bosom; and let their effulgence light their lovely perfection! Let the tinkling bells of thy girdle sound a triumphal note, proclaiming aloud to all the world Manmatha's mandate that Youth must submit to the potent sway of Love!

स्थलकमलगञ्जनं मम हृदयरञ्जनं जनितरतिरङ्गपरभागम् ।
भण मसृणवाणि ! करवाणि चरणद्वयं सरसलसदलक्तकसरागम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ६

6. Oh thou so sweet of speech, utter but one word of command! Most readily would I envermeil thy dainty feet, lovelier far than land-growing lotuses—those feet that, ravishing My heart with their loveliness, inflame My passion! With alacrity would I dye them red with the ruddy dye of lac!

स्मरगरलखण्डनं मम शिरसि मण्डनं धेहि पदपल्लवमुदारम् ।
ज्वलति मयि दारुणो मदनकदनारुणो हरतु तदुपाहितविकारम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ७

7. The delirium of love has got into My head! Lay then the soothing medicament of thy foot on My head—that foot so soft, so tender like fresh sprouts; lay thy dainty foot on My head, there to shine as My crest-jewel!

Cruelly, cruelly doth Madana scorch Me like the noonday sun. Let thy foot then salve this fiery anguish! *

इति चटुलचाटुपटुचारु मुरवैरिणो राधिकामधि वचनजातम् ।
जयति जयदेवकभारतीविभूषितं मानिनीजनजनितशातम् ॥
प्रिये ! ... ... ... मधुपानम् ॥ ८

8. May these strains of Jayadeva that describe the adroit, cajoling speech of the foe of Mura, addressed to Rādhā, triumph! Let again these strains, so flattering in their tenour, please the hearts of indignant damsels with their winsomeness!

श्लो ॥ परिहर कृतातङ्के ! शङ्कां त्वया सततं घन-
स्तनजघनयाऽऽक्रान्ते स्वान्ते परानवकाशिनि ।
विशति वितनोरन्यो न कोऽपि ममान्तरं
प्रणयिनि ! परीरम्भारम्भे विधेहि विधेयताम् ॥ ६२

62. Oh thou that vainly tormentest thyself with doubts with regard to My fidelity! Banish all thoughts of My perfidy towards thee! Solemnly do I assure thee that none but the incorporeal Manmatha can ever enter into My heart! For is not My heart filled entirely with those ravishing feminine charms of thine, so closely-knit, so full, so voluptuously perfect? command Me, then. Full readily would I render thee all the sweet offices of love preluding them with a fond embrace!

* This is the famous verse which S'rī Kṛṣṇa Himself is said to have penned in the guise of Jayadeva.

श्लो ॥ मुग्धे ! विधेहि मयि निर्दयदन्तदंश-
दोर्वल्लिबन्धनिबिडस्तनपीडनानि ।
चण्डि ! त्वमेव मुद[1]मुद्वह पञ्चबाण-
[2]चाण्डालकाण्डदलनादसवः [3]प्रयान्ति ॥ ६३

63. Oh thou so beautiful even in thy anger! That caitiff Manmatha, with his five-fold flowery shafts, batters Me! Fast My life is ebbing away! Spare Me the ignominy of dying at the hands of a *chaṇḍāla*. Complete, therefore, the nefarious purpose of Manmatha by tearing Me with thy teeth, by strangling Me with the cords of thy arms and by crushing Me with the load of thy bosom! So at least may'st thou be pleased with My destruction!

श्लो ॥ शशिमुखि ! तव भाति भङ्गुरभ्रूः
युवजनमोहकराळकाळसर्पी ।
तदुदितभयभञ्जनाय यूनां
त्वदधरशीधुसुधैव सिद्धमन्त्रः ॥ ६४

64. Oh thou beauteous one, fair of face like the fully-risen moon! Thy arched brow is verily a black venomous viper that lunges fiercely at the heart of Youth and intoxicates it with its bane! But, to exorcize the evil effects of that venom, there abides a potent spell upon thy lips—those nectar dews on thy luscious lips that counter, like an antidote, love's baneful afflictions!

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1. मुञ्चय मञ्च स; 2. चाण्डाल. 3. प्रयान्तु.

श्लो ॥ व्यथयति वृथा मौनं तन्वि! प्रपञ्चय पञ्चमं
तरुणि! मधुरालापैस्तापं विनोदय दृष्टिभिः।
सुमुखि! विमुखीभावं तावद्विमुञ्च न मुञ्च मां
स्वयमतिशयस्निग्धो मुग्धे! प्रियोऽयमुपस्थितः ॥ ६५

65. Thou torturest Me with thy vain and stubborn silence! Oh My beauteous Rādhā, so perfect in thy youthful loveliness, speak sweetly unto Me and feast My ears with the dulcet music of thy fluty voice! Enthrall Me with those maddening glances! Affect not this indifference towards Me! Lay aside thy coldness. Know that this creature, thy Beloved, approacheth thee with all tenderness born of love. Be no longer cross nor remiss!

श्लो ॥ बन्धूकद्युतिबान्धवोऽयमधरः स्निग्धो मधूकच्छविः
गण्डश्चण्डि! चकास्ति नीलनलिनश्रीमोचनं लोचनम् ।
नासाऽभ्येति तिलप्रसूनपदवीं कुन्दाभदन्ति! प्रिये!
प्रायस्त्वन्मुखसेवया विजयते विश्वं स पुष्पायुधः ॥ ६६

66. Oh My darling! Methinks that Manmatha owes his empire over all the worlds to the vassalage that he owes to the beauties of thy face! Meseems, he forged his five flowery shafts, modelling them on thy beauteous features! Oh thou petulant one! Oh darling Mine! Thy ruddy luscious lips are deeply red as the *Bandhujiva* blossoms. Thy silken cheeks are radiant as the *Madhūka* flowers. Thine eyes are deep blue and tender like the blue lily. And thy nose resembles the *Tila* blossom; and thy teeth, the *Kunda* flowers! Thus with these

five-fold floral shafts, modelled on thy lovely features, does thy vassal, Madana, hold universal sway in fief!

श्लो ॥ दृशौ तव मदालसे वदनमिन्दुसंदीपनं
गतिर्जनमनोरमा विजितरम्भमूरुद्वयम् ।
रतिस्तव कलावती रुचिरचित्रलेखे भ्रुवा-
वहो विबुधयौवतं वहसि तन्वि ! पृथ्वीगता ॥ ६७

67. Lo, my beauteous darling, though thou but now adornest this earth, how wondrously dost thou combine in thyself all the charms of celestial womanhood! In the melting tenderness of thy eyes, thou art like Madālasā. In the ravishing beauty of thy face, thou art like Indumatī. In the swan-like grace of thy gait, thou art like Manoramā. In the rounded richness of thy thighs, thou shamest Rambhā. In the seductiveness of thy feminine charms thou art like Kalāvatī. In the bewitching beauty of thy arching brow, thou art like Chitralekha! What a gorgeous assemblage of irresistible feminine charms in one!

श्लो ॥ [1]स प्रीतिं तनुतां हरिः कुवलयापीडेन सार्धं रणे
राधापीनपयोधरस्मरणकृत्कुम्भेन सम्भेदवान् ।
यत्र स्विद्यति मीलति [2]क्षणमपि क्षिप्रं तदालोकन-
व्यामोहेन जितं जितं जितमभूत्कंसस्य कोलाहलः ॥ ६८

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ श्रीगीतगोविन्दे मानिनीवर्णने
चतुरचतुर्भुजो नाम दशमः सर्गः ॥

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1. प्रीतिं वस्तनुताम्. 2. क्षण मथ क्षिप्ते द्विपे तत्क्षणात्.

68. May Hari bestow all prosperity on ye!—Hari, who, confronting the elephant Kuvalayāpīḍa, in battle array, and perceiving the frontal lobes on its forehead, was at once reminded of the twin eminences of Rādhā's bosom; and who, in amorous reminiscence, closed His eyes for a moment, and sweated in profusion with excitement; while, imagining Him vanquished, Kamsa raised in exuberance the triumphal cry "We have won, victory! victory is ours!"

Thus ends the tenth canto of the Gita Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva entitled Chatura Chaturbhuja. (Kṛṣṇa in paradise).

## CANTO XI

॥ एकादशः सर्गः ॥

(सानन्ददामोदरः)

श्लो ॥ सुचिरमनुनयेन प्रीणयित्वा मृगाक्षीं
गतवति कृतवेशे केशवे कुञ्जशय्याम् ।
रचितरुचिरभूषां दृष्टिमोषे प्रदोषे
स्फुरति निरवसादां कापि राधां जगाद ॥ ६९

69. When thus had Kes'ava pleaded for long with Rādhā, and conciliated that gazelle-eyed one with sweet flattery, He returned, jubilant at His success, to His bower of intertwining tendrils, there to adorn Himself so as to please the eye of Rādhā. And now as the shadows of evening thickened, obscuring vision, the *Sakhi* spoke thus to Rādhā who, with her indignation mollified, now attractively bedecked herself with her best ornaments and attire, eager to join Hari at His Nikuñja.

## SONG 20.

॥ वसन्तरागयतिताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

विरचितचाटुवचनरचनं चरणे रचितप्रणिपातम् ।
सम्प्रतिमञ्जुळवञ्जुळसीमनि केळिशयन[1]मनुयातम् ॥
मुग्धे ! मधुमथन मनुगतमनुसर राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Kalyāṇi rāga* and *Tripuṭa Tāla*)

1. Oh thou artless Rādhā, follow Madhumathana (Kṛṣṇa) who so fondly hath waited on thee with such docility! Follow Him that hath addressed thee so charmingly, and cast Himself at thy feet, anxious to please thee. Now hath He returned, on the wings of eager love, to the pleasant arbour of *Vanjula* creepers, there to spread the floral couch whereon He seeks to sport with thee.

घनजघनस्तनभारभरे दरमन्थरचरणविहारम् ।
मुखरितमणिमञ्जीरमुपैहि विधेहि मराळ [2]निकारम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ २

2. Oh thou that art weighed down with the load of thy voluptuous charms! step forth gracefully with languorous gait, shaming the swans with thy elegance! Let the tintinnabulations of the tiny bells of thy girdle sound musically with each pace of thy dainty foot!

शृणु रमणीयतरं तरुणीजनमोहनमधुरिपुरावम् ।
कुसुमशरासनशासनवन्दिनि पिकनिकरे भज भावम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ३

1. मुपयातम्. 2. विकारम्.

3. Hark! there the swarms of honey bees hum melodiously, enchanting the hearts of the damsels in the prime of their lovely youth! As the *Kokilas* paean, like panegyrists, the praises of the Lord of the vernal season who, setting his flowery shafts in his mighty bow, sends them flying at the hearts of youth—as thus the cuckoos warble, yield thyself, abandon thyself, to the sweet influences of the season!

अनिलतरलकिसलयनिकरेण करेण लतानिकुरम्बम् ।
प्रेरणमिव करभोरु! करोति गतिं प्रति मुञ्च विलम्बम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ४

4. Oh thou whose thighs are lovely in their fleshy fulness! The sprouts, tossed by the breeze, seem to point, with their tapering fingers, to the yon arbour of tendrils and urge thee to hasten to Kṛṣṇa's bower. Be not tardy then, but proceed apace to His Nikuñja.

स्फुरितमनङ्गतरङ्गवशादिव सूचितहरिपरिरम्भम् ।
पृच्छ मनोहरहारविमलजलधारममु कुचकुम्भम् ॥
मुग्धे! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ५

5. Thy bosom, heaving with excitement, as if tossed on the waves of love, bespeaks the approaching bliss of being clasped by Hari in close embrace! Shouldst thou doubt my words, only ask those lovely, rounded chalices, that proudly rear up from thy bosom, if they do not look forward, with eager trepidation, to the tumultuous joy of amorous sport!

अधिगतमखिलसखीभिरिदं तव वपुरपि रतिरणसज्जम् ।
चण्डि ! रणितरशनारवडिण्डिममभिसर सरसमलज्जम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ६

6. All thy companions know full well that thy form is most admirably armoured for the impending battle of love. Oh thou peevish one! Set aside thy bashfulness. Think not that thy *Sakhis* would deride thee. Advance then, and let the chirping bells of thy zone and anklets sound the martial march, as on the battle-drums, as thou advancest to the battle-field of love!

स्मरशरसुभगनखेन सखीमवलम्ब्य करेण सलीलम् ।
चल वलयक्वणितैरवबोधय हरिमपि निगदितशीलम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ७

7. Lightly supporting thyself on the arms of thy companion, advance, arming thyself with those beautiful finger-nails, sharp as Manmatha's darts, that should serve thee as thy weapons in this warfare. Let the dulcet tinklings of thy bracelets sound like martial trumpets announcing thy approach to Hari!

श्रीजयदेवभणितमधरीकृतहारमुदासितवामम् ।
हरिविनिहितमनसामधितिष्ठतु कण्ठतटीमविरामम् ॥
मुग्धे ! ... राधे ! ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ८

8. May the voices of those whose hearts are set on Hari ring perennially with the melodies of this song of Jayadeva that surpasses in splendour all the priceless

gems that bestud the costliest ornament, and outweighs in sweetness all the sprightliness of lovely womanhood!

श्लो ॥ सा मां द्रक्ष्यति वक्ष्यति [1]स्मरकथां प्रत्यङ्गमालिङ्गनैः
प्रीतिं यास्यति रंस्यते सखि! समागत्येति [2]चिन्ताकुलः ।
स त्वां पश्यति [3]वेपते पुलकयत्यानन्दति खिद्यति
प्रत्युद्गच्छति मूर्च्छति स्थिरतमःपुञ्जे निकुञ्जे प्रियः ।.७०

70. Deeply He muses and mutters "Soon will Rādhā gaze with melting eyes on Me! Anon will she whisper amorous pleasantries and tender nothings into My ears. Soon will she steep My being in delight by straining Me close to her bosom, and soon will she thrill Me with her caresses!" Thus, in fancies lost, doth He muse lovingly. And in the intensity of His longings, He pictures thee gathered in His arms; His hairs stand on end in intense excitement. His heart leaps forth in joy; profusely He sweats; trembles lest thou shouldst once again be cross with Him. And then, rudely awakened from His roseate fancies, He finds thou art not come, and in despair swoons away! Thus is thy Beloved tossed between joy and despair in the deep solid darkness of the Nikuñja.

श्लो ॥ अक्ष्णोर्निक्षिपदञ्जनं श्रवणयोस्तापिञ्छगुच्छावलीं
मूर्ध्नि श्यामसरोजदाम कुचयोः कस्तूरिकापत्रकम् ।
धूर्तानामभिसारसम्भ्रमजुषां विष्वङ्निकुञ्जे सखि !
ध्वान्तं नीलनिचोलचारु सुदृशां प्रत्यङ्गमालिङ्गति ॥ ७१

1. 'प्रियकथां' 2. 'संचिन्तयन्' 3. 'कम्पते'

71. Dear my friend, this raven darkness within the Nikuñja envelopes all round like a sable mantle, and as it were, hugs the wantons close as they stealthily approach their gay paramours. And, like a gallant, the Darkness paints the lashes of the wantons ebon with collyrium, adorns their ears with the dark sprays of the *Tamāla*, bedecks their locks with wreaths of dark-blue lilies, lays on their bosoms the black unguent concocted of musk—in short, so wraps them up in its folds that they are rendered totally invisible to curious prying eyes!

श्लो ॥ काश्मीरगौरवपुषामभिसारिकाणा-
माबद्धरेखमभितो रुचिमञ्जरीभिः ।
एतत्तमालदलनीलतमं तमिस्रं
तत्प्रेमहेमनिकषोपलतां तनोति ॥ ७२

72. The forms of the lovely wantons, golden-hued as saffron, whose girdles and ornaments of gold, resplendent with gems, engird them with a golden halo—these slim and graceful wantons, gliding sinuously through the darkness, murky as the foliage of the *tamalā*, these look like the streaks of gold on the black touchstone of Darkness. *

श्लो ॥ हारावलीतरलकाञ्चनकाञ्चिदाम-
केयूरकंकणमणिद्युतिदीपितस्य ।
द्वारे निकुञ्जनिलयस्य हरिं निरीक्ष्य
व्रीडावतीमथ सखीमियमित्युवाच ॥ ७३

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* The fact that these wantons have ventured out into the darkness is itself a test of the intensity of their love for their paramours on the touchstone of Darkness.

73. Perceiving Hari awaiting her at the leafy portals of the Nikuñja, and lighting the bower with the brilliant effulgence of the gems adorning the pendent on His bosom, the girdle around His waist, the armlets on His shoulders and the bracelets on His wrists—perceiving Him thus enveloped in a halo of splendour, Rādhā was overcome by maidenly bashfulness. Her, thus confused with shame, did the *Sakhī* thus address and speak.

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## SONG 21.

॥ वराळीराग रूपकताळाभ्यां गीयते ॥

मञ्जुतरकुञ्जतलकेळिसदने विलस रतिरभसहसितवदने ।
प्रविश राधे ! माधवसमीपमिह ॥
(कुरु मुरारे ! मङ्गळशतानि) ... ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Ghantā rāga* and *Jhampa tāla*)

1. Approach, Oh Rādhā, approach Mādhava ! Oh thou whose countenance is wreathed with smiles, with the keen expectancy of the joys to come, here sport, here, in this delightful leafy boudoir, intended for amorous dalliance !

नवभवदशोकदळशयनसारे । विलस कुचकळशतरळहारे ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गळशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ २

2. Here sport, oh thou on whose heaving bosom the flowery wreaths undulate restlessly, here sport, on the soft couch, billowing with the fresh and tender sprouts of the *As'oka*.

कुसुमचयरचितशुचिवासगेहे । विलस कुसुमसुकुमारदेहे ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ३

3. Oh thou beautiful in thy loveliness like a fresh-blown flower, here sport, in this abode perfumed delightfully with the clusters of freshly - culled flowers!

मृदुचलमलयपवनसुरभिशीते । विलस मदनशरनिकरभीते ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ४

4. Oh thou that whilom shrank with terror from the shafts of Madana, do thou now sport here as the soft, cool breeze from the Malaya hills scatter the delightful perfumes!

विततबहुवल्लिनवपल्लवघने । विलस चिरमलसपीनजघने ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ५

5. Oh thou that movest languorously with the weight of thy full and shapely hips, sport here for long in this bower where creepers closely intertwine and fresh sprouts shoot forth in thick profusion.

मधुमुदितमधुपकुलकलितरावे । विलस कुसुमशरसरसभावे ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ६

6. Oh thou whose heart is sweetly surging with love, sport thou here where the bees, inebriated with their honeyed potations, keep up a drunken brawl.

मधुरतरपिकनिकरनिनदमुखरे । विलस दशनरुचिरुचिरशिखरे ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ७

7. Oh thou whose teeth sparkle like orient pearls, sport thou here, where the *kokilas* warble aloud in ravishing symphony.

विहितपद्मावतीसुखसमाजे । कुरु मुरारे ! मङ्गलशतानि ।
भणति जयदेवकविराजराजे ॥
प्रविश ... मङ्गलशतानि ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ ८

8. Oh Murāri, bestow all auspiciousness on Jayadeva, that sovereign poet, who, through the grace of Padmāvatī* (Lakṣmī) attempts this song.

श्लो ॥ त्वां चित्तेन चिरं वहन्नयमतिश्रान्तो भृशं तापितः
कन्दर्पेण च पातुमिच्छति सुधासम्बाधबिम्बाधरम् ।
अस्याङ्कं तदलंकुरु क्षणमिह भ्रूक्षेपलक्ष्मीलव-
क्रीते दास इवोपसेवितपदाम्भोजे कुतः सम्भ्रमः ? ॥ ७४

74. Weary is He through doting long on thee; sorely has He been afflicted by Manmatha. Eagerly, therefore, does He seek to draw sustenance through drinking deep of thy cherry lips that distil ambrosia. Hasten then, this very moment, to His bosom. Wherefore this hesitancy? Wherefore need thou fear Him? Knowest thou not that He is thy veriest slave, whose very life hath been bought

* Once again there is difference of opinion with regard to the word Padmāvatī. According to Kumbharāṇā, Padmāvatī stands for S'rī Lakṣmī. But S'aṅkaramiśra would have it that Padmāvatī stands for Jayadeva's wife, and interprets विहितः पद्मावत्या सुखसमाजः सुखसमूहो येन । etc., i.e. Jayadeva who is blest with all joys in his wife Padmāvatī.

for but the slightest movement of thy arching eye - brows, and who worships thy very feet, beautiful as lotus flowers ?

श्लो ॥ सा ससाध्वससानन्दं गोविन्दे लोललोचना ।
शिञ्जानमञ्जुमञ्जीरं प्रविवेशाभिनिवेशनम् ॥ ७५

75. Thus admonished, Rādhā entered the Nikuñja, her resounding anklets making dulcet music. And there her eyes fastened themselves on the countenance of Govinda, tumultuous joy contending wildly with trepidation in her heart.

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## SONG 22.

॥ वराळिरागयतितालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

राधावदनविलोकनविकसितविविधविकारविभङ्गम् ।
जलनिधिमिव विधुमण्डलदर्शनतरलिततुङ्गतरङ्गम् ॥
हरिमेकरसं चिरमभिलषितविलासम् ।
सा ददर्श गुरुहर्षवशंवदवदनमनङ्गनिवासम् ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Madhyamāvatī rāga* and *Ādi Tāla*).

And there did Rādhā descry Hari, who looked like the very embodiment of Love, and Who so ardently and eagerly looked forward to sporting with her. His face was suffused with illimitable joy and animated by eager amorousness.

1. There she saw Him, who, fixing His restless eyes lovingly on Rādhā's countenance, manifested the gamut

of all emotions ranging from sweet confusion to delicious rapture, which surged forth like the swollen waves of the ocean tossing heavily at the sight of the fully-risen moon.

हारममलतरतारमुरसि दधतं परिरभ्य विदूरम् ।
स्फुटतरफेनकदम्बकरम्बितमिव यमुनाजलपूरम् ॥ हारम् ॥ २

2. She saw His cerulean bosom, closely adorned with strings of priceless pearls that swayed restlessly in His agitation—that bosom that looked like the blue floods of Yamunā crested with white wreaths of undulating foam.

श्यामलमृदुलकलेवरमण्डलमधिगतगौरदुकूलम् ।
नीलनलिनमिव पीतपरागपटलभरवलयितमूलम् ॥ हरिम् ॥ ३

3. Him did Rādhā see—Him, whose enchantingly lovely form, dark and silken soft, and wrapped in golden raiments, looked like the blue lotus with its stem thickly overlaid with the golden pollen grains.

तरलदृगञ्चलचलनमनोहरवदनजनितरतिरागम् ।
स्फुटकमलोदरखेलितखञ्जनयुगमिव शरदि तडाकम् ॥ हरिम् ॥ ४

4. She perceived His restless glances, sparkling out of His beautiful eyes, and lighting His beautiful face like a pair of black sparrows leaping playfully in the full-blown lotus in a pond in the S'arad season; and these bewitching glances roused Rādhā's longings.

वदनकमलपरिशीलनमिलितमिहिरसमकुण्डलशोभम् ।
स्मितरुचिरुचिरसमुल्लसिताधरपल्लवकृतरतिलोभम् ॥ हरिम् ॥ ५

5. The gem-set pendents in His ears, resplendent like a pair of suns, caressed His face softly, bright as a fresh-blown lotus. And His lips, wreathed in a maddening smile, and tremulous with eagerness to quaff the sweets off Rādhā's lips, engendered a tumult of emotions in her bosom.

शशिकिरणच्छुरितोदरजलधरसुन्दरसकुसुमकेशम् ।
तिमिरोदितविधुमण्डलनिर्मलमलयजतिलकनिवेशम् ॥ हरिम् ॥ ६

6. She saw Him whose tresses, adorned with white blossoms, were like the dark clouds whose fringes are silvered by the touch of the argent rays of the moon, and like the full moon arising in a pitch-black sky did shine that spot of sandal placed on His forehead.*

विपुलपुलकभरदन्तुरितं रतिकेलिकलाभिरधीरम् ।
मणिगणकिरणसमूहसमुज्ज्वलभूषणसुभगशरीरम् ॥ हरिम् ॥ ७

7. Him did Rādhā see, whose entire frame was a-thrill will horripilation, whose entire soul yearned for amorous sports and who almost felt enfeebled with the excitement that agitated Him. Him she saw Who stood majestic, His form ablaze with the splendour of the scintillant hues of the myriad gems that adorned His bosom, wrists and ankles.

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* There can be no pitch darkness with the rise of the full moon. Yet here, the poet describes the appearance of the full moon in a pitch-black sky. This is an instance of अद्भुतोपमा। The dark forehead of Kṛṣṇa is the dark sky and the pale yellow sandalspot, the full moon.

श्रीजयदेवभणितविभवद्विगुणीकृतभूषणभारम् ।
प्रणमत हृदि विनिधाय हरिं सुचिरं सुकृतोदयसारम् ॥ हरिम् ॥८

8. Oh ye Rasikas, enthrone Hari in your hearts, there to abide for aye; worship Him as the very acme of all your virtuous acquisitions; adore Him whom this song of Jayadeva adorns as with a priceless jewel, more splendid than all the ornaments He wears on His Form!

श्लो॥ अतिक्रम्यापाङ्गं श्रवणपथपर्यन्तगमन-
प्रयासेनेवाक्ष्णो[1]स्तरलतरतारं [2]गमितयोः ।
[3]इदानीं राधायाः प्रियतम[4]समायातसमये
पपात [5]स्वेदाम्बुप्रसर इव हर्षाश्रुनिकरः ॥ ७६

76. And those eyes of Rādhā, opened wide in wonderment at Kṛṣṇa's ravishing beauty, and stretching far to the very tips of the ears, now filled with tears of joy, as she approached her Beloved, dearer to her than the dearest. And those tears rained copiously from her eyes, as if those eyes, with the undue exertion of being stretched to the very tip of her ears, had sweated profusely in their labours!

श्लो॥ भजन्त्यास्तल्पान्तं कृतकपटकण्डूति[6]पिहित-
स्मितं याते गेहाद्बहिरपिहितालीपरिजने ।
प्रियास्यं पश्यन्त्याः स्मरपरवशाकूतसुभगं
सलज्जा लज्जापि व्यगमदिव दूरं मृगदृशः ॥ ७७

1. रमलतरतारं. 2. पतितयोः. 3. तदानीं. 4. समालोकसमये.
5. स्वेदाम्भः. 6. विहित.

77. As, fixing her eyes winklessly on her Beloved Kṛṣṇa who stood there steeped in the sweetest of passions and athirst for sport, as, gazing intently on Him, Rādhā approached the edge of the couch, the maidenly shame that possessed her till now, took to flight as if ashamed of itself. And as she drew nearer the couch, her companions, concealing their roguish merriment under the pretence of scratching their cheeks and ears, betook themselves out of the bower, leaving her there alone with Kṛṣṇa.

श्लो ॥ सानन्दं नन्दसूनुर्दिशतु मितपरं संमदं मन्दमन्दं
राधामाधाय बाह्वोर्विवरमनु दृढं पीडयन्प्रीतियोगात् ।
तुङ्गौ तस्या उरोजावतनु वरतनोर्निर्गतौ मा स्म भूतां
पृष्ठं निर्भिद्य तस्माद्बहिरिति वलितग्रीवमालोकयन्वः ॥

78. May the son of Nanda, in the plenitude of His bliss, confer incommensurable joys on ye—that darling of Nanda, who, gently, gently, gathering Rādhā in His arms, strained her close in a deep and passionate embrace; and who, anon, turned His eyes behind to see if those pert eminences of Rādhā's bosom had not perchance emerged at His back, having pierced through His chest and back.*

श्लो ॥ जयश्रीविन्यस्तैर्महित इव मन्दारकुसुमैः
स्वयं सिन्दूरेण द्विपरणमुदा मुद्रित इव ।
भुजापीडक्रीडाहतकुवलयापीडकरिणः
प्रकीर्णासृग्बिन्दुर्जयति भुजदण्डो मुरजितः ॥ ७९

* This s'loka is not found in the South Indian texts.

79. May those long and strong arms of the Destroyer of Mura triumph for ever!—those arms which, having felled Kuvalayāpīḍa in battle, were spotted with drops of blood, as if those proud arms, swelling with valour, had been adorned with marks of vermillion; or, again, as if the goddess of victory had showered the crimson *Mandāra* flowers in celebration of the prowess of those victorious arms!

श्लो॥ सौन्दर्यैकनिधेरनङ्गललनालावण्यलीलाजुषो
राधाया हृदि पल्वले मनसिजक्रीडैकरङ्गस्थले ।
रम्योरोजसरोजखेलनरसित्वादात्मनः ख्यापय-
न्ध्यातुर्मानसराजहंसनिभतां देयान्मुकुन्दो मुदम् ॥ ८०

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ श्रीगीतगोविन्दे [1]राधिकामिलने
सानन्ददामोदरो नामैकादशः सर्गः ॥ ११ ॥

80. May Mukunda bestow all bliss, and may He abide like a royal swan in the placid calm of the heart of those that meditate on Him! May He be ever propitious who for ever sports with supreme zest in the lake of Rādhā's heart—that pleasant sporting ground of Love—whereon blossom the lotus buds of her breasts. May He be lavish in His grace, He who delights in the beauties of Rādhā, that very treasure house of feminine graces, whose beauty and skill in amative sports surpass with ease those of Rati herself.*

Thus ends the eleventh canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva, entitled Sānanda Dāmodara. (The union of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa).

1. अभिसारिकावर्णने सानन्दगोविन्दः.
* Not found in the South Indian texts.

# CANTO XII.

## द्वादशः सर्गः १२

॥ सुप्रीतपीताम्बरः ॥

श्लो॥ गतवति सखीवृन्देऽमन्दत्रपाभरनिर्भर-
स्मर[1]परवशाकूतस्फीतस्मितस्नपिताधराम् ।
सरसमनसं दृष्ट्वा राधां मुहुर्नवपल्लव-
प्रसवशयने [2]निक्षिप्ताक्षीमुवाच हरिः प्रियाम् ॥ ८१

81. When thus her companions had left her, there stood Rādhā, a smile playing on her lips—a smile surcharged at once with overpowering bashfulness born of love, with tenderness and with vivid amorous fancies. And as thus she stood, wistfully casting her eyes on the tender couch of sprouts and blossoms, Hari spoke tenderly to her, divining that her heart was eager for amorous dalliance.

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## SONG 23.

॥ विभासरागैकतालीतालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

किसलयशयनतले कुरु कामिनि! [3]चरणनलिनविनिवेशम् ॥
तव पदपल्लववैरिपराभवमिदमनुभवतु सुवेशम् ॥
क्षणमधुना नारायणमनुगतमनुसर राधिके! ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ १

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1. स्मरपराकूतः 2. विक्षिप्ताक्षी. 3. चरणकमल.

(Rendered in *Māyāmālavagaula rāga and in Ādi tāla*)

Oh my darling Rādhā, even now, this very moment, come unto My arms, the arms of thine own Nārāyaṇa, who hath followed thee so earnestly and for so long!

1. Place thy dainty foot, tenderer and lovelier far than the lotus blossom, on this couch of tender sprays. Oh thou sweetly amorous one, let those sprouts and blossoms that lie bestrewn on this couch, let these, like foemen that envy the velvet softness of thy feet, suffer disgrace and humiliation as thy feet trample them over!

करकमलेन करोमि चरणमहमागमितासि विदूरम् ।
क्षणमुपकुरु शयनोपरि मामिव [1]नूपुरमनुगतिशूरम ॥ क्षणम् ॥ २

2. Let Me caress thy silken foot with these hands of Mine, softer far than lotus blossoms! Oh, how much, how much have I pained these exquisite feet, causing them to tread this long and weary way, seeking Me this far! Favour Me with thy graces, on this thy couch; favour Me who, like the anklet that encircles thy foot, follows thee like thy faithful page everywhere.

वदनसुधानिधिगलितममृतमिव रचय वचनमनुकूलम् ।
विरहमिवापनयामि पयोधररोधकमुरसि दुकूलम् ॥ क्षणम् ॥ ३

3. Speak softly and sweetly words steeped in love; and let the words flow from thy lips like the streams of nectar dropping from the orb of the full moon. Even as

1. नूपुरमनुगतशूरम्

I shed the despair that erstwhile tortured Me, so let Me draw aside the silken barrier that holds in prisonage those twin globes of thy bosom.

प्रियपरिरम्भणरभसवलितमिव [1]पुलकितमतिदुरवापम् ।
मदुरसि कुचकलशं विनिवेशय शोषय मनसिजतापम् ।। क्षणम् ।।४

4. Oh my darling, strain Me close to thy swelling bosom that is all a-thrill and aglow with the eagerness to clasp thy Beloved in deep embrace! Press those rounded chalices to My bosom closer and ever closer and chase away from Me the fever engendered by Love.

अधरसुधारसमुपनय भामिनि! जीवय मृतमिव दासम् ।
त्वयि विनिहितमनसं विरहानलदग्धवपुषमविलासम् ।। क्षणम् ।। ५

5. Revive Me, My beloved, with the ambrosial draughts of thy lips—Revive Me, thy slave, who hath cherished thee deeply in His heart, and who, wasted by the scorching fever of love, is enfeebled, spent and is dying fast!

शशिमुखि! मुखरय मणिरशनागुणमनुगुणकण्ठनिनादम् ।
श्रुतियुगले पिकरुतविकले [2]मम शमय चिरादवसादम् ।। क्षणम् ।। ६

6. Oh my darling, fair of face like the moon, let the tiny bells of thy girdle make tinkling music in symphony with the dulcet music of thy voice. And let thy melodious voice, floating into my ears, soothe the anguish that erstwhile affilicted Me when, in thy absence, the shrill warblings of the Kokilas assailed My ears!

1. मतिदुरापम्. 2. शमयमम.

मामतिविफलरुषा विकलीकृतमवलोकितुमधुनेदम् ।
[1]लज्जितमिव नयनं तव विरमति सृजसि वृथा रतिखेदम्॥ क्षणम्॥

7. Wherefore dost thou close thine eyes? Open them, and cast thy looks on Me that tremble abjectly at thy vain displeasure. Art thou ashamed to look at Me? Vainly, cruelly dost thou tantalise Me with thy eyes closed!

श्रीजयदेवभणितमिदमनुपदनिगदितमधुरिपुमोदम् ।
जनयतु रसिकजनेषु मनोरमरतिरसभावविनोदम् ॥ क्षणम् ॥ ८

8. May this song of Jayadeva, every word of which celebrates the perfect joy of Madhuripu (Kṛṣṇa) engender all those subtle and soul-ravishing delights peculiar to the amatory art in the hearts of the *cognoscenti*.

श्लो ॥ प्रत्यूहः पुलकाङ्कुरेण निबिडाश्लेषे निमेषेण च
क्रीडाकूतविलोकितेऽधरसुधापाने कथाकेलिभिः ।
आनन्दाधिगमेन मन्मथकलायुद्धेऽपि यस्मिन्नभू-
दुद्भूतः स तयोर्बभूव [2]सुरतारम्भः प्रियम्भावुकः ॥ ८२

82. And then did commence the amorous warfare, wherein the fullest measure of the desired bliss was a little marred by petty interruptions. The thrill attendant on horripilation stood in the way of a closer embrace. The delight of contemplating the lovely charms of each other was marred by the frequent twinklings of the eyes.

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1. मीलित लज्जित. 2. 'ललितारम्भः'

The deep delight of osculation was impeded by the whispered utterance of amorous pleasantries.*

श्लो ॥ दोर्भ्यां संयमितः पयोधरभरेणापीडितः पाणिजै-
राविद्धो दशनैः [1]क्षताधरपुटः श्रोणीतटेनाहतः ।
हस्तेनानमितः कचेऽधरसुधास्यन्देन संमोहितः
कान्तः कामपि तृप्तिमाप तदहो कामस्य वामा गतिः ॥

83. Though pinioned close in her arms, though crushed with the load of her bosom, though gored by her sharp finger-nails, though bitten deep on the lips by her teeth, though seized by the locks and drawn down by her arms, and though inebriated with the ambrosial dews on her lips—though thus subjected to these refinements of cruelty, how indeed did He delight in such tortures! Surely, perverse and strange are the ways of love!

श्लो ॥ [2]वामाङ्के रतिकेलिसंकुलरणारम्भे तया साहस-
प्रायं कान्तजयाय किंचिदुपरि प्रारम्भि [3]यत्सम्भ्रमात् ।
निष्पन्दा जघनस्थली [4]शिथिलिता दोर्वल्लिरुत्कम्पितं
वक्षो मीलितमक्षि पौरुषरसः स्त्रीणां कुतः सिध्यति ॥८४

* This and the rest of the renderings in the Canto convey a highly censored version of the contents of the corresponding ślokas. If even the censored versions are somewhat unpalatable, the fault, at any rate, does not lie with the translator.

1. 'क्षतोऽधरपुटः' 2. 'माराङ्के' 3. 'यत्साहसात्' 4. 'शिथिलता'.

84. As Rādhā, animated by a spirit of emulation, strove to establish her victory over Kṛṣṇa in the battle of Love, how suddenly did her limbs grow inactive! How her heart palpitated wildly and how her eyes closed with a delicious lassitude! How could frail *woman* ever lay claim to prowess in love's warfare?

श्लो ॥ तस्याः [1]पाटलपाणिजाङ्कितमुरो निद्राकषाये दृशौ
[2]निर्धौतोऽधरशोणिमा विलुलितास्रस्तस्रजो मूर्धजाः ।
काञ्चीदाम दरश्लथाञ्चलमिति प्रातर्निखातैर्दृशो-
रेभिः कामशरैस्तदद्भुतमभूत्पत्युर्मनः कीलितम् ॥[3] ८५

85. As He contemplated, betimes at dawn, her bosom ensanguined with the dents of finger-nails, her eyes red with the heaviness of sleep, the ruddiness of her lips faded, the flowers in her dishevelled locks in admirable disorder, and the garments about her waist in utter disarray, again did Kṛṣṇa feel Himself assailed fiercely by the five flowery shafts of Manmatha.

श्लो ॥ [4]व्याकोशः केशपाशस्तरलितमलकैः स्वेदमोक्षौ कपोलौ
क्लिष्टा बिम्बाधरश्रीः कुचकलशरुचा हारिता हारयष्टिः ।
काञ्चीकान्तिर्हताशा स्तनजघनपदं पाणिनाच्छाद्य सद्यः
पश्यन्ती सत्रपा सा तदपि विलुलिता मुग्धकान्तिर्धिनोति॥

1. पाटव. 2. निर्धूताऽधर. 3. त्वामप्राप्य मयि स्वयंवरपरां क्षीरोदतीरोदरे शङ्के सुन्दरि! कालकूटमपिबन्मूढो मृडानीपतिः । इत्थं पूर्वकथाभिरन्यमनसो विक्षिप्य वासाञ्चलं राधायाः स्तनकोरकोपरि चलन्नेत्रो हरिः पातु वः. 4. व्यालोलः.

* When, of yore, thou didst choose Me for Thy Lord on the shores of the Ocean of Milk, Methinks, oh My beautiful,

86. Her tresses in lovely disarray, the curls on her forehead straying rebelliously, her cheeks bedewed with sweat, her lips sorely smarting, the splendour of the pearl-strings eclipsed by the loveliness of her bosom, and the beauty of her girdle surpassed by the beauties of her waist,—as thus she lay, coyly screening her charms with her hands, and gazing with bashfulness on her Kṛṣṇa, Rādhā delighted His eyes beyond measure with all the loveliness of her disarray!

श्लो ॥ [1]ईषन्मीलितदृष्टि [2]मुग्धविलसत्सीत्कारधारावशा-
दव्यक्ताकुलकेलिकाकुविकसद्दन्तांशुधौताधरम् ।
[3]शान्तस्तब्धपयोधरं भृशपरिष्वङ्गात्कुरङ्गीदृशो
हर्षोत्कर्ष[4]विमुक्तनिःसहतनोर्धन्यो धयत्याननम् ॥ ८७

87. Thrice blest indeed is He who drinks in the heady sweetness of the lovely countenance of Rādhā, with her eyes partly closed in languor, cooing sweetly and indistinctly like a dove, with the lustre of her pearly teeth lighting her lips, her bosom still and her entire form motionless with a delicious lassitude after the turmoil of love's warfare!

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one, S'ankara, the lord of Mṛḍāni, swallowed the Kālakūta vemon in a fit of jealous despair!" Thus, beguiling Rādhā's attention with the narration of a past event, did Hari withdraw the hem of her garment and gaze enraptured on her budding bosom. May the adroit Kṛṣṇa protect ye!

* Included in the South Indian version.

1. मीलद्दृष्टि. 2. मुग्धहसितं. 3. श्वासोत्कम्पिपयोधरोपरि परिष्वङ्गात्. 4. विमुक्ति.

श्लो ॥ [1]अथ सहसा सुप्रीतं सुरतान्ते सा नितान्तखिन्नाङ्गी ।
राधा जगाद सादरमिदमानन्देन गोविन्दम् ॥ ८८

88. And then did Rādhā, fatigued with the sports, yet supremely joyous, address her beloved Govinda, now too eager to do her bidding, and thus did speak.*

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## SONG 24.

॥ रामक्रियारागयतितालाभ्यां गीयते ॥

कुरु यदुनन्दन! चन्दनशिशिरतरेण करेण पयोधरे ।
मृगमदपत्रकमत्र मनोभवमङ्गलकलशसहोदरे ॥
निजगाद सा यदुनन्दने क्रीडति हृदयानन्दने ॥ ध्रुवपदम् ॥ १

(Rendered in *Chakravāka rāga* and *Ādi Tāla*)

1. Oh Yadunandana, with thy hands cooler far than the fragrant sandal paste, decorate my bosom with lovely designs limned with musk—those twin chalices consecrated to the service of Manmatha.

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1. अथ कान्तरतिश्रान्तमपि मण्डनवाञ्छया । निजगाद माधवं मुग्धा राधा स्वाधीनभर्तृका.

* The South Indian texts read:

अथ कान्तं रतिश्रान्तं अभिमण्डनवाञ्छया ।
जगाद माधवं राधा मुग्धा स्वाधीनभर्तृका ॥

"Thus did Rādhā address Mādhava, fatigued with sports, with all the freedom of one who holds absolute sway over her lord."

अलिकुल[1]गञ्जनमञ्जनकं रतिनायकसायकमोचने ।
त्वदधरचुम्बनलम्बित[2]कज्जल उज्ज्वलय प्रिय! लोचने । निजगा ॥ २

2. Paint again these long lashes of my eyes with collyrium, blacker than bees; gently lay the black salve in these eyes whence thou didst kiss off the collyrium during sport. Adorn again these eyes that serve as the bow whence Manmatha hurls his formidable shafts at the world!

नयनकुरङ्गतरङ्गविकासनिरासकरे श्रुतिमण्डले ।
मनसिजपाशविलासधरे शुभवेश! निवेशय कुण्डले । निजगा ॥ ३

3. Set, oh my lovely Kṛṣṇa, set again these pendents in my ears—these ears to whose very tips my eloquent eyes extend;—these ears that, like a lasso of Madana, ensnare the world with their loveliness.

भ्रमरचयं रचयन्तमुपरि [3]रुचिरं सुचिरं मम संमुखे ।
जितकमले विमले परिकर्मय नर्मजनकमलकं मुखे । निजगा ॥ ४

4. Brush aside these rebellious curls that invade, like a swarm of bees, the beauty of my face, lovelier far than lotus blossom. Brush them aside with thy fingers—these curls that make my face look odd and ludicrous!

मृगमदरसवलितं ललितं कुरु तिलकमलिकरजनीकरे ।
विहितकलङ्ककलं कमलानन! विश्रमितश्रमशीकरे ॥ निजगा ॥ ५

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1. गञ्जनसंजनकं. 2. कज्जलमुज्ज्वलय. 3. सुचिरं रुचिरं.

5. Oh dear One! fair of countenance like a lotus, on this forehead, bedewed with sweat, and beautiful as the moon, set the lovely spot of musk so as to adorn it, so that it may look like the dark shadow on the lunar disc.

मम रुचिरे चिकुरे कुरु मानद! मनसिजध्वजचामरे ।
रतिगलिते ललिते कुसुमानि शिखण्डिशिखण्डकडामरे । निजगा ॥

6. Oh thou affectionate One! adorn with flowers these tresses of mine, dishevelled in sport—these tresses that look like the pennants of Manmatha, that surpass in splendour the outspread plumes of the peacock.

सरसघने जघने मम शम्बरदारणवारणकन्दरे ।
मणिरशनावसनाभरणानि शुभाशय! वासय सुन्दरे । निजगा ॥७

7. *Around this, my waist, lovely in its rounded perfection, the very pleasaunce of Manmatha—around my waist, Oh gracious One, gird my silken raiment and fasten thereon the girdle with resounding bells.

श्रीजयदेववचसि रुचिरे [1]सदयं हृदयं कुरु मण्डने ।
हरिचरणस्मरणामृतनिर्मितकलिकलुषज्वरखण्डने ॥ निजगा ॥ ८

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे सुप्रीतपीताम्बरो
॥ नाम द्वादशः सर्गः ॥

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* A very harmless rendering of
सरसघने जघने मम शम्बरदारणवारणकन्दरे ।
Readers seeking fuller critical and mystical information on the Gīta Govinda are referred to the Translator's thesis on "The Gīta Govinda Mahākavya of Jayadeva" that appeared in the columns of the Kalyana Kalpataru (Gita Press, Gorakhpur,) from March 1951 to Oct. 1955 in 17 instalments.

1. सदयं हृदयं.

8. Oh Kṛṣṇa! deign that this song of Jayadeva should triumph—this song, which is brimming with earnest devotion to the feet of Hari and which is certainly the panacea to destroy the ills of Kali.

श्लो ॥ रचय कुचयोश्चित्रं पत्रं कुरुष्व कपोलयो-
घंटय जघने [1]काञ्चीं मुग्धस्रजा कबरीभरम् ।
कलय वलयश्रेणीं पाणौ [2]पदे मणि नूपुरा-
विति निगदितः प्रीतः पीताम्बरोऽपि तथाकरोत्[3] ॥ ८९

89. "Oh Yadunandana! adorn my bosom with designs drawn with musk, ornament my cheeks as well, fasten the girdle around my waist, bedeck my braids with wreaths of flowers, set the bracelets on my wrists, engird my feet with the tinkling anklets."—Thus enjoined by Rādhā, Pītāmbara (Kṛṣṇa) executed her commands with willing alacrity.

श्लो ॥ यद्गान्धर्वकलासु कौशलमनुध्यानं च यद्वैष्णवं
यच्छृङ्गारविवेक[4]तत्त्वरचनाकाव्येषु लीलायितम् ।
तत्सर्वं जयदेवपण्डितकवेः कृष्णैकतानात्मनः
[5]सानन्दाः परिशोधयन्तु सुधियः श्रीगीतगोविन्दतः॥[6] ९०

1. काञ्चीमञ्चय स्रजा कबरीभरे. 2. पदे कुरु नूपुरा— 3. पर्यङ्कीकृत-नागनायकफणाश्रेणीमणीनां गणे सङ्क्रान्तप्रतिबिम्बसंवलनया बिभ्रद्विभुप्रक्रियाम् । पादाम्भोरुहधारिवारिधिसुतामक्ष्णां दिदृक्षुः शतैः कायव्यूहमिवाचरन्नुपचितौ भूतो हरिः पातु वः ॥ त्वामप्राप्य मयि स्वयंवरपरां क्षीरोदतीरोदरे शङ्के सुन्दरि! कालकूटमपिबन्मूढो मृडानीपतिः । इत्थं पूर्वकथाभिरन्यमनसा विक्षिप्य वक्षोञ्चलं राधायाः स्तनकोरकोपरिमिलन्नेत्रो हरिः पातु वः ॥ 4. तत्त्वमपि यत्काव्येषु. 5. स्वच्छन्दं 6. साधूनां स्वत एव संमतिरिह स्यादेव भक्त्यार्थि-

90. Oh ye the wise, are ye adepts in the Gāndharva art of music.? Are ye bent on the steady meditation of the glories of S'rī Viṣṇu? Or, are ye interested in the study of the various aspects of the science of Erotics as exemplified in the various Kāvyas? Turn ye then to the Gīta Govinda of the scholar-poet Jayadeva whose mind is steadfastly fixed for ever on S'rī Kṛṣṇa! Study with exquisite delight the Gīta Govinda and enlighten yourselves with the details and the nuances of these various arts!

श्लो॥ श्रीभोजदेवप्रभवस्य [1]रामादेवीसुतश्रीजयदेवकस्य ।
पराशरादिप्रियवर्गकण्ठे श्रीगीतगोविन्दकवित्वमस्तु ॥९१

91. May this Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva, the son of Bhojadeva and Ramādevi, resound triumphantly and melodiously from the voices of his intimate associates like Parās'ara!

साध्वी माध्वीक! चिन्ता न [2]भवति भवतः शर्करे! कर्कशासि
द्राक्षे! द्रक्ष्यन्ति के त्वाममृत! मृतमसि क्षीर! नीरं रसस्ते।
माकन्द! क्रन्द कान्ताधर! [3]धर न तुलां गच्छ यच्छन्ति भावं
यावच्छृङ्गार[4]सारं शुभमिव जय[5]देवस्य वैदग्ध्यवाचः॥ ९२

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नामालोच्य प्रथनश्रमं च विदुपामस्मिन्भवेदादरः। ये केचित्परकृत्युपश्रुतिपरास्ता-
न्थंये मत्कृतिं भूयो वीक्ष्य वदन्त्ववद्यमिह चेत्सा वासना स्थास्यति॥

1. राधादेवी· 2. न भवतु भवती शर्करे. 3. कान्ताधर धरणितलं गच्छ.
4. सारस्वतमिह जय. 5. देवस्य विष्वग्वचांसि.

92. Oh thou sweet heady wine! consider not thyself sweet any longer. Oh thou sugar, how crude and harsh thou art! Oh ye luscious grapes, who would care to notice ye now? Oh thou immortal Amṛta, thou and thy sweetness are dead indeed! Oh thou delicious milk, how insipid dost thou taste! Oh thou luscious mango fruit, lament aloud thy worthlessness! Oh ye the cherry lips of lovely women! aspire not to any title of sweetness so long as the tender and mellifluent accents of Jayadeva, steeped in the quintessence of love, hold absolute title to sweetness!

श्लो ॥ इत्थं केलितर्तीर्विहृत्य यमुनाकूले समं राधया
तद्रोमावलिमौक्तिकावलियुगे वेणीभ्रमं बिभ्रति ।
तत्राह्लादिकुचप्रयागफलयोर्लिप्सावतोर्हस्तयो-
र्व्यापाराः पुरुषोत्तमस्य ददतु स्फीतां मुदां सम्पदम् ॥९३

इति श्रीजयदेवकृतौ गीतगोविन्दे सुप्रीतपीताम्बरो
नाम द्वादशः सर्गः

॥ समाप्तं चेदं काव्यम् ॥

93. May those hands of Puruṣottama shower all affluence on ye—those hands that eagerly sought to possess those ripe and lovely hemispheres of Rādhā which, like the Prayāga, were situated at the confluence of the ascending black streak of down on her bosom which looked like the stream of Yamuna, and the descending white string of pearls which looked like the streams of the

Gangā. May those sports of Kṛṣṇa on the banks of Yamunā, which never staled His zest, ever triumph! *

Thus ends the twelfth canto of the Gīta Govinda Kāvya of Jayadeva entitled Suprīta Pītāmbara. (The crowning of Kṛṣṇa's desires).

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, कबीर:
वाराणसी-5

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* This s'loka is considered by some as an interpolation.

The Introduction to this volume embodies the subject on which the Translator delivered an address at the Madras Sanskrit Academy on the 26th February 1955.

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# ERRATA

Note. In spite of the most meticulous proof correction, many mis-prints have crept into the text. While such mis-prints are regretted, the readers are requested to correct such misprints with the aid of this table of Errata before commencing the study of this work.

| page | Line | For | Read |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 23 | Sṛngára | Śṛngāra |
| 2 | 26 | Śrngāra | Śṛngāra |
| 2 | last line | Sṛngāra | Śṛngāra |
| 5 | 9 | Sri | Ṣrī |
| 5 | 25 | Srī | Śrī |
| 6 | 2 | अनयाऽऽराचितोनूनम् | अनयाऽऽयाराधितो नूनम् |
| 7 | 28 | Sṙngāra | Śṛngāra |
| 7 | last line | do | do |
| 8 | 18 | Kavya | Kāvya |
| 9 | 20 | madden | maddens |
| 9 | 21 | afflict | afflicts |
| 11 | 8 | scorching, fever | scorching fever |
| 12 | last line | Rādāa | Rādha |
| 14 | 26 | Randitaraja | Paṇḍitaraja |
| 15 | 26 | nstance | instance |
| ,, | ,, | Śārdulavikridita | Śardūlavikriḍita |
| 17 | 10 | वर्मकरोति | वर्म करोति |
| 21 | last but one line | यद्वैष्णव | थद्वैष्णवं |
| 23 | 13 | which however | which, however, |
| 29 | 21 Foot note | -preta tion | -pretation |
| 31 | 15 | Dhoyi | Dhoyi |
| 32 | 8 | Sowrṣātra | Sowrāstra |
| 35 | 16 | भूकोलमुंद्भ्रते | भूगोलमुद्भिभ्रते |
| ,, | 17 | दैत्यान्दरगते | दैत्यान्दारयते |
| 37 | 2 | Garuda | Garuḍa |

| page | Line | Fer | Read |
|---|---|---|---|
| 38 | 5 | aupplianta | suppliants |
| 40 | 9 | दुरन्ते ध्रुवम् ॥ | दुरन्ते ॥ ध्रुवम् ॥ |
| 43 | 3 | ध्यानानुधानक्षण | ध्यानावधानक्षण· |
| ,, | 7 | chuta | chūta |
| 46 | last line | कुहूरिति | कुहूः कुहूरिति |
| 56 | 22 | मुग्धमनाहरं | मुग्धमनोहरं |
| 57 | 10 | बन्धश्रृङ्खलाम् | बद्धश्रृङ्खलाम् |
| ,, | 19 | तटान्तपुञ्जे | तटान्तकुञ्जे |
| 62 | 7 | गिरां वक्रिम | गिरां वक्रिमा |
| 74 | 12 | love born | love lorn |
| 75 | 14 | lees | flees |
| ,, | ,, | flike | like |
| 87 | 17 | जनितजडिम काकु etc | जनितजडिमकाकु etc |
| 90 | 1 | कुलटाकुलवर्त्मंपात | कुलटाकुलवर्त्मघात |
| 93 | foot note line 1 | we told | we were told |
| 98 | 20 | मीणसरममलं | मणिसरममलं |
| 105 | 17 | स्वादुस्वंरमुखोऽयं | स्वादुस्मेरमुखोऽयं |
| 121 | 13 | वाधन्वो | बान्धवो |
| 121 | 3 | सन्दीपनं | सन्दीपकं |
| 139 | 20 | follows | follow |

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